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Cartoons, Jokes and a Page of Smiles in Rhyme

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Give the world the once over

LISTEN, fellows, to some straight talk. Many a man when he gets to be 40, *misses something*. He may have lots of money and a fine family, but—

He never “got out and saw things.” After he gets settled down, *it's too late*.

Every man wants to see the world. No man likes to stand still all his life. The best time to **TRAVEL** is when you're young and lively—right **NOW!**

Right **NOW** your Uncle Sam is calling, “Shove off!” He wants men for his Navy. He's inviting *you!* It's the biggest chance you will ever get to give the world the once over!

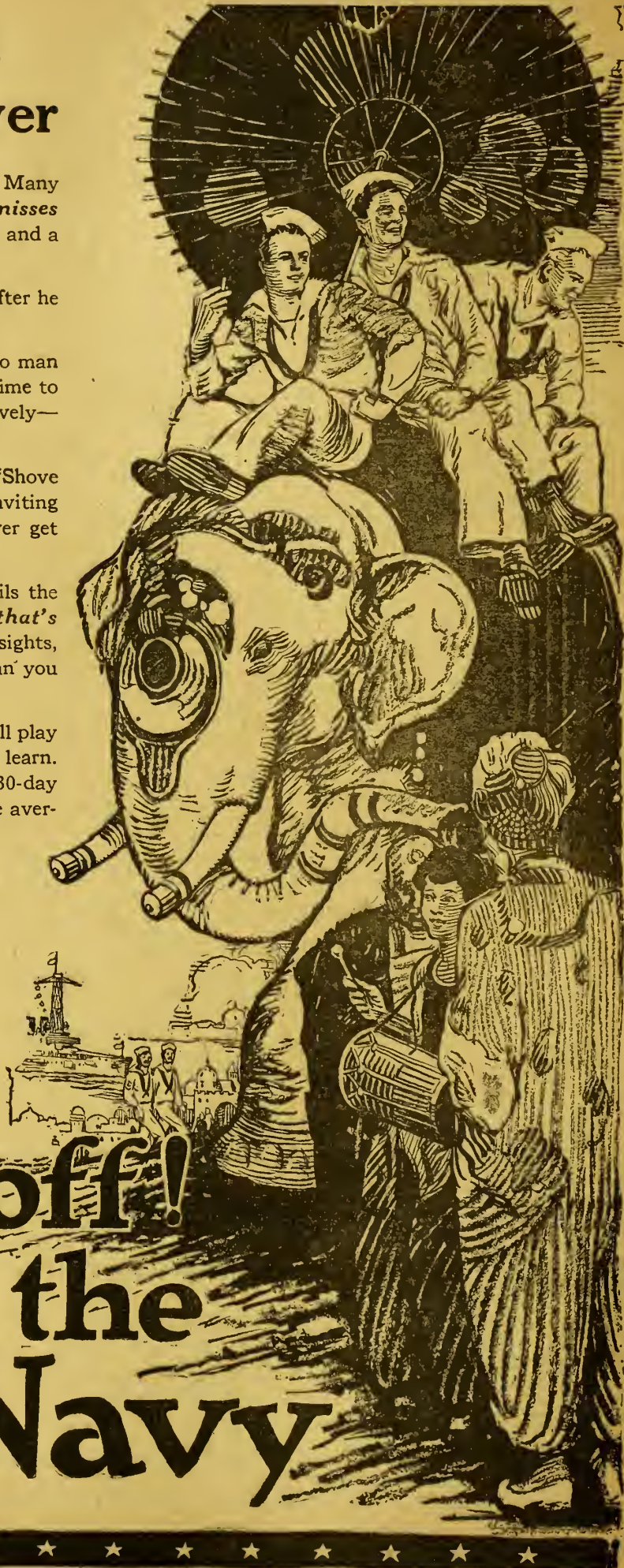
The Navy goes all over the world—sails the Seven Seas—squints at the six continents—*that's its business*. You stand to see more odd sights, wonderful scenery and strange people than you ever dreamed of.

You'll work hard while you work. You'll play hard while you play. You'll earn and learn. You'll get, in addition to “shore-leave,” a 30-day straight vacation—which is more than the average bank president can count on.

You can join for two years. When you get through you'll be physically and mentally “tuned up” for the rest of your life. You'll be ready through and through for **SUCCESS**.

There's a Recruiting Station right near you. If you don't know where it is, your Postmaster will be glad to tell you.

Shove off! -Join the U. S. Navy



The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Official Publication of

The American Legion

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Where Are the Heroes?

War and Its Memories Roll Into the Background
and Find the Blue Rosette Wearers Living
Much as the Rest of Us Do

NOTICE the men you pass in any crowded street. By their left coat-lapels you shall know them. At least every other man wears on that lapel some sort of a mark to show that he belongs to something. It may be a scimitar of pearl and diamonds, it may be a golden square and compass, it may be the antlered head of an animal or it may be a small badge of enamel.

But some day, perhaps, if you have fallen into the habit of marking the labels of the men who pass you, you may see an unfamiliar insignia that seems to stand out by reason of its very inconspicuousness. It has neither pearl, nor gold, nor enamel. No precious stone glitters on it. It is a simple circle of blue ribbon, a quarter of an inch in diameter, the space within the rim filled with tiny folds arranged spoke-like, so that the whole looks like the bud of a flower. It is the rosette of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

You may only see this rosette if you happen to live in one of a few score cities, for in the whole United States there are among the veterans of all wars only a few hundred living men



Single-handed, Harold A. Furlong went out in front of his own line and destroyed four German machine gun nests. In the next war, he says, he will be handing out C. C. pills and painting 'em with iodine. He is studying to be a physician

who have earned the right to wear it. And during the late war the Medal of Honor was made to stand for acts of such superlative courage that only seventy-eight men in all the fighting of the A. E. F. received the medal.

Of these seventy-eight, more than a score died while performing the heroic act which won the award for them. Only fifty-four men of the A. E. F. came home from France with this decoration, which is the highest that America bestows on her heroes.

And now! The war is over. Practically all of the fifty-four Medal of Honor men are out of the Army. They have scattered through the country. From the peaks of fame they have come down to the great plains of anonymity, where they are lost among the 110,000,000.

Where are they today, those fifty-four Medal of Honor men, who yesterday were famous? What are they doing? What do they think about things in general? Are they glad that the fighting is over? Or do they long to be back again on such a field as the Argonne or Champagne?

ASK these questions of Frank J. Bart, of Newark, N. J. You will find him in the Labor Temple in Washington Street, probably bending over a

huge account book in which he is checking up rows of figures. For Bart is the head steward of the Newark Labor Temple, a job which, anybody will admit, requires much less muscle than



Frank J. Bart is a steward. In France he wasn't even a mess sergeant



Philip Katz is a bookkeeper and wants to go into foreign trade

the exploit in which Bart, on October 3, 1918, at Medeah Farm in France, won Uncle Sam's highest award.

It was just a little incident in a day's work, if you will believe what he tells you about that exploit, but a certain General Order goes further. It says: "Private Bart, being on duty as a company runner, when the advance was held up by machine-gun fire, voluntarily picked up an automatic rifle, ran out ahead of the line and silenced a hostile machine-gun nest, killing the German gunners. The advance then continued

and, when it was hindered shortly afterward by another machine-gun nest, this courageous soldier repeated his bold exploit by putting the second machine gun out of action."

And in order to do all this, Bart had stepped out of civil life in the first month of the war—May, 1917. He was forty-three years old when he enlisted, but for some reason or other he told them he was thirty-three. He was a waiter when he joined the Army.

He will tell you that he would like to visit again his old stamping grounds in

Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, St. Mihiel, Champagne and the Meuse-Argonne, where his outfit, Company C of the Ninth Infantry, Second Division, carried a good part of the load of the A. E. F.'s heaviest fighting.

But, frankly, he doesn't believe he is ever going back to France. He likes his present job, and he doesn't ever have any longings to clean up any more machine-gun nests. He has had enough of that to last him a lifetime, he says. But he can talk enthusiastically when
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The Same Old Thing

A Seasoned Observer Discusses what He Considers the Weaknesses of Our Present National Political Convention Process

By William Slavens McNutt

EITHER Harding or Cox may make an excellent President. This article has no quarrel with them—or with anyone else who might have been chosen in their places—but with the machinery of choosing them. For if either of the candidates succeeds in that high office it will not be due to any virtue in the method of their selection by their respective parties.

There is much talk of the necessity for military training, for the creation and maintenance of a well-trained, potential army capable of quick mobilization in time of war.

We may never have another war. It is a tragic cinch that four years from now we are going to have another bad case of party conventions. Four years from now, unless something is done about it in the meantime, a couple of thousand ordinarily sane men and women are going to have a bad case of fits and in the midst of their delirium select, or confirm the selection of, a President of the United States.

American participation in the war, the extremist will tell you, made it necessary for the old Regular Army to comb the birds' nests out of its whiskers, can some of the cumbering traditions of Indian fighting, Filipino chasing, and post peace routine, and come up for a cleansing lungful of modern air.

The personnel of the American Regular Army was all right; its ways and traditions were those of a simple Yesterday and wouldn't function in practice when put to the test of a complex Today.

The personnel of the two big American political parties is all right, but their ways and traditions would make an African Voodoo expert think himself super-civilized in comparison. The war compelled the American Regular Army—or offered it the opportunity if you will—to escape from Yesterday and break into Today. Nothing as yet has compelled the United States to do likewise in its method of nominating presidential candidates. Unless it is done without compulsion, something must ultimately happen to compel such action.

I make no argument against military training. But after sitting through the recent Republican and Democratic conventions I am convinced that our prime

"What has been your biggest impression of the 1920 political campaign?" the editors of **THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY** asked Mr. McNutt, who has been following the season's events as a newspaper correspondent. This article is his answer. McNutt was told to go as far as he liked, remembering only that **The American Legion** is committed to a policy of non-interference in partisan politics

need is the creation of an army of trained voters and the establishment of an intelligent political system that will function more like a modern organization of sane men and women co-operating for a solemn purpose and less like an old-time mad-house with all the keepers away on a drunk.

As I said, we may never have another war, but in another four years we are going to nominate presidential candidates again, and if we have any sense, gosh! how we ought to dread it!

IT would be difficult to explain to a man from Mars, for example, why 984 delegates gathered at the Coliseum in Chicago, paid railroad fares and exorbitant hotel rates, and then sat in the heat and cast ballots for various candidates.

It would be difficult to explain to him further why some candidates spent money campaigning in the primaries or why anyone took the trouble to go to the polls and cast votes for them.

After all the campaigning in the primaries and the voting on the floor Harding was selected, as his campaign manager Harry M. Daugherty had predicted he would be, by a few weary men sitting around a table in a hotel lobby at two o'clock in the morning. When the delegates heard who the few weary men had picked they enthusiastically

voted for the choice, dragged themselves out of the Coliseum and went home to attend to their various personal businesses in a manner much at variance with the way they acted in Chicago. If they did private business the way they did public business they would all be public charges.

Why all the delegates? Why all the demonstrations for Wood, Lowden, Hoover and Johnson? Why the primaries? Why anything but the little group of men who mixed the medicine and poured it down the convention's throat?

The convention took the medicine with a smile. It liked it. Why not have left it to this little group in the first place and saved all the expense of advertising the other remedies?

The Republican convention was bossed. But make no mistake about this: it was willing, nay, eager to be bossed. Before the dominating group arrived, got together and took charge, the delegates in Chicago were running around like lost children, pathetically seeking for someone who knew something to show them the way out of the forest of freedom in which they were wandering.

But why all the pageantry? Why all the expense and bother to permit a few weary men to sit around a table in a hotel room and pick a nominee?

Alexander Woolcott tells the story of an A.E.F. Infantry colonel who dashed up to the front and delivered himself of an impassioned "Give 'em hell boys" speech to his regiment which had broken. As he was dashing away a doughboy looked after him and with a weary sigh labelled the colonel's oratorical effort as follows: "Same old stuff!"

That goes for the Chicago convention! It was the "same old stuff."

THE Democratic convention was a weird combination of a battle royal and an old-fashioned camp meeting. During the first hour of the show there was everything from a fist fight to a prayer. The steam roller worked like an overgrown Swiss watch all through the deliberations—God save the mark!—of the Resolutions Committee and the adoption of the majority report by the convention. After which said steam roller proceeded to blow up like an over-
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So This Is America!

The Story of the French Bride of a Yankee Soldier

Part IV. Bifteck Avec Pommes Frites

OUR train is due in Los Angeles at 5:30. Since five o'clock I am living in a terrible excitement. I am going to meet my new family! I sure hate the idea. I worry myself to death wondering if they will like me. I was so much in a hurry to get there, and now I wish I have one more day to travel to give me time to think of it and worry a little more.

I just realize it now, just some minutes before getting Los Angeles. I have washed my face and hands, powdered and fixed my hair at least twenty times during these last thirty minutes, but I cannot make disappear five days of traveling, and though my husband assures me that I am all right I feel perfectly disgusted with myself and everything. My husband is a little nervous, too, but tries not to show it too much and that makes me feel worse.

For the last minutes I wish he had not any parents at all, or that they never got our telegram we sent from Chicago announcing our arrival, or our train would arrive much earlier than expected, because I suppose if it was late they would wait anyhow, or they would meet with a little street car or automobile accident whatever they take just enough to make them late to come to the station.

I wish anything but to meet them! Los Angeles! Of course we are just in time—that's my hard luck! They must be there for my husband is hurrying me. I wonder how many they are.

The second after he is kissing, shaking hands, it seems a year for me, a little boy comes near me, I guess he is my new nephew, I kiss him, it gives me an occupation and then! my husband introduce me!

It was just in time, for I had already taken his brother for his best friend and mixed up the whole family. While my husband talks, I mean answers the hundred questions asked at the same time, I pretend to be interested in the dark red Santa Fe station; in fact I do not know what to do or what to say. I guess they are all looking at me just if I was coming from the moon specially the children, but I don't feel bad about it—I love children, and I am sure they will make things easier for me.

However, these ones are very much disappointed to see their uncle coming back from France in civilian clothes; they were waiting a general at least! We are hurried and packed in an automobile and bound for the new American home!

On the way I am asked so many questions at the same time that I do not remember from one minute to the other what I say, but it does not make any difference because they don't understand half of what I am talking about; they will have to get use to my French accent, I suppose.

Pretty soon we get home—a very green little place; I like it. I like also an excellent dinner just waiting for us. I am starved for something to eat

made at home. Since a month we have eaten in hotels, boat, hotels again and trains.

During dinner my husband does not stop to ask about names of sisters, brothers and friends. I dread the idea of meeting again all these names. I am so tired that this first evening spent in

This is the final instalment in a four-part narrative setting forth the true experiences of a French girl who became the wife of an American soldier overseas, traversed the Atlantic with him in an army transport, and then crossed a continent besides to reach her new home in America

my new American family passes like a dream, and I just want badly a bath and a real bed.

THE following month is spent meeting more brothers and sisters and friends, accepting dinner invitations and fine automobile rides. I enjoy the latter, but I dread the dinner invitations. I know I will be asked the same old questions and will answer the same old answers.

They all want to know how I like California. I don't like it at all as far as I know it, and I hate to tell them what I think of it. We are in the month of June, and it is very hot. Everything in the country (I mean in the mountains, for there is no country here) is burnt. From the boulevards the sight is beautiful, but when you get there there is only sage brushes, rocks or hard yellow ground.

I seek in vain a great big green oak with thick grass under and not far a cool little spring, as we find all the time in the part of France I come from. Here from the boulevards, riding, the mountains seem beautiful, but I enjoy as well looking at them from far and under the shade of the top of the car;

besides I love riding here, the roads are wonderful around the mountains, the scenery is absolutely new to me.

The beaches do not attract me very much. I have a too near remembrance of my trip on the ocean yet, also I am not accustomed to these noisy enjoyments they have here all year round. I far prefer our quiet beaches where people go to take a real rest and enjoy the beauty of the water, sun and sand.

Here people come to bathe, dance and eat! and eat so strange things! popcorn, winnies, ice cream in cones! when it is not these Japanese meals as chop suey and noodles! I thought I would rather die if I had been obliged to eat these two last things!

For two months we enjoy visiting California round Los Angeles, and for the same length of time I am looking for some place real green and cool that would not be the lawn of a residence house or the big square garden of Japanese lettuces.

Then time to settle down has come. We have found a pretty bungalow modern and comfortable, and are moving in tomorrow. I have already received letters from France asking me how I could live in a wooden house. Of course, when I wrote them that I was in a wooden house I never gave any details how they were built and how the climate



"The only thing that bothers me is to cook"

here was soft enough to live in a wooden house even in winter. I'll have to assure them that almost all houses here are made of wood, and inside is the last modern comfort anyhow.

I STARTED last week to be housekeeper or housewife, whatever you call it, and already I think it is not so difficult as I thought it would. The only thing that bothers me is to cook! and as I do not know how to cook in the French way I had better try the American at once. That is not easy. And after having thought of all the meals I have had here I gave up the idea, and the only thing that saved me was fried steak, fried potatoes, lettuce and pie (ready made, of course).

We were going to have that same dinner many a times during the two first weeks; not because I do not want to try. I always imagine some wonderful dinners I am going to serve to my husband, but I do not know how to begin with, and I hate to think he might laugh at me.

I am glad he is contented with the French breakfast. I serve in the morning chocolate, toast and butter and jelly. I could not make up my mind to make these American pancakes so early in the morning. Well, after having burnt two or three dishes, without talking about my fingers, I began to understand a little more about cooking and my husband seems to be satisfied.

I live in a quiet little street half an hour from the town. Everybody knows each other and have been there for years. Of course, my coming in their street was an event. All my neighbors have very engaging smiles for me, the others further try to see me when they pass by; here again I am the "French bride."

I suppose when I will be here for many years, and if the little street does not change its inhabitants I still will be the French Bride. In the first week I have been writing to France about my home and my little street, but that is not enough to fill up my mind and I was going to feel a little homesick when I happen to meet a French lady who came and visited me; then another "French Bride," and another one; we are now five knowing each other in Los Angeles coming from five different parts of France and absolutely different for ideas, ways, and even accent, which is very pronounced between the one from Marseille, myself from Bordeaux and the others from up North; however, we have great fun when we get together.

I am the only one who can talk English fluently enough. They, however, do very fine; they dare to go in town, buy all what they want and even learn to talk slang! I have been very much surprised how much Americans talk slang; the American language is almost different with the English language I took up in school.

I have often listened to my little nephew and his little comrades playing in my back yard, and at first I could not understand a word of what they were talking about, so much of it was slang, and so funny too; I like particularly the expressions of "chewing the rag," or "giving the raspberry," or "to beat it" or "to be tickled to death!" or "you bet your life," and so many like that; as I am not used to it I immediately imagine the real thing in my mind, and it strikes me very funny.

My friends are worse than me be-

cause, not knowing the correct English, they talk slang at first, and really, the few words they say don't seem so broken as mine. One of them apologized the other day for having said "Good-night, nurse"—she thought that was a very injurious word; also the same one got mad at her husband one day because he said "Gee whiz!" and told him not to talk any more like that. She was ready to cry, but he laughed so much that she found out that was not so bad as she thought it was.

I am surprised how people here smile at me when I make a mistake when talking, and I make plenty, of



course. One day I provoked an enormous laugh at my husband's family because I said "toes nail"; another day I told my husband to get some "clothe cheese," or I would say "paper wall" or "wash disher." I simply can't remember which word comes the first.

Oh, I hate to have people laugh at me, specially children; they can't make out why you don't talk just like them. I do not know how many times I have wished they go to France and try to get along without talking French; and yet in France there are so many people who talk English now, but here nobody talks French but French people. They seem to think that English language is spoken all over the world!

THE day before yesterday I had a great distraction. I heard an old and lively tune in the street. I ran to the door and saw a man turning the handle of an hand-organ, while a little monkey dressed in a green velvet coat and red velvet hat with feather was dancing around.

I was absolutely happy to see that again. Why, that little monkey and his Italian master brought back in my mind so strongly the days of my childhood when I was a six years old little girl. I used to wait the Wednesdays afternoons to see the old Italian and a little monkey so much alike this one, with the same coat and the same little hat doing the same little tricks! I was so excited that grandmother used to hold me so tight lest I jump through the window.

That was twenty years ago. They

have not any more Italian and monkeys in France; really, in America you find the newest and the oldest things!

Yesterday I went to my neighbor's, an old German woman, born in America, though. I found her very busy with her two daughters making a quilt with hundred and hundred of little square patches of all colors. As I was looking at it curiously they asked me if we did not make quilts like that in the "old country," that they thought everybody was making quilts like these in winter.

Then I remembered to have seen one almost alike at grandmother's, and heard her saying one day that she made it; it is long time forgotten in France, and here they are still doing it! I suppose that will be the same for me. I left France with the last ideas of everything, and if I go back in twenty years from now I will be old time stuff.

However, there is something brand new here, something I never heard of before in my country; that is to see so many divorces in the papers! How American people, I mean young, very young, can get married so easily and divorce so easily too; and how the papers have the right to print these very private affairs! Every night our paper is filled up with some "Kissless Bride," or "Married two weeks and divorced," or "Bride left the day after wedded," and details and gossips about!

In France a divorce is a very difficult, serious and private happening in a family, always considered as an annoying thing and kept secret from everybody, and no newspapers have the right to mention even names.

May, 1920. Winter has passed. I now love California, and I do not think there is any place in the States I would rather live but here and France.

The climate is wonderful; our lawn is green and soft like a velvet carpet. I have had roses until Christmas, and now in March there are some new buds coming out. Our fruit trees have had their blossoms long ago. We take wonderful rides, the hills are green, the fields yellow with poppies and the mountains white with snow—everything is beautiful. There are brooks everywhere and grass everywhere.

It is the only time to come in California, and I should have arrived now instead in summer. In my country now it is still cold and raining; here the sun shines at seven in the morning, the children play barefooted, and the women dress in white muslin.

I only regret that we are so many miles from France. If I could make the world over I had put California right near her so that I can see both and love both.

Spring is wonderful here and makes you like everything. I like my little street, don't care if the children laugh, at me, and love my neighbors. They feed me with cakes and pies, and some American dishes that I have not dared to make yet.

There is no rocking chairs in France, but I now like to rock in a rocker and do not chew gum. And to prevent the coming of that bad feeling homesickness, God has sent us the dearest little baby girl who ever was, and as I cannot separate my husband from California and my baby from her daddy, I guess I will have to make up my mind and become a good American citizen. One is not so bad here after all.

THE END

Discovered: the Meanest Crime

An Apparently Well-organized Conspiracy to Fleece Disabled Soldiers Out of Their Compensation is Unearthed at Washington

By Walter J. Wood

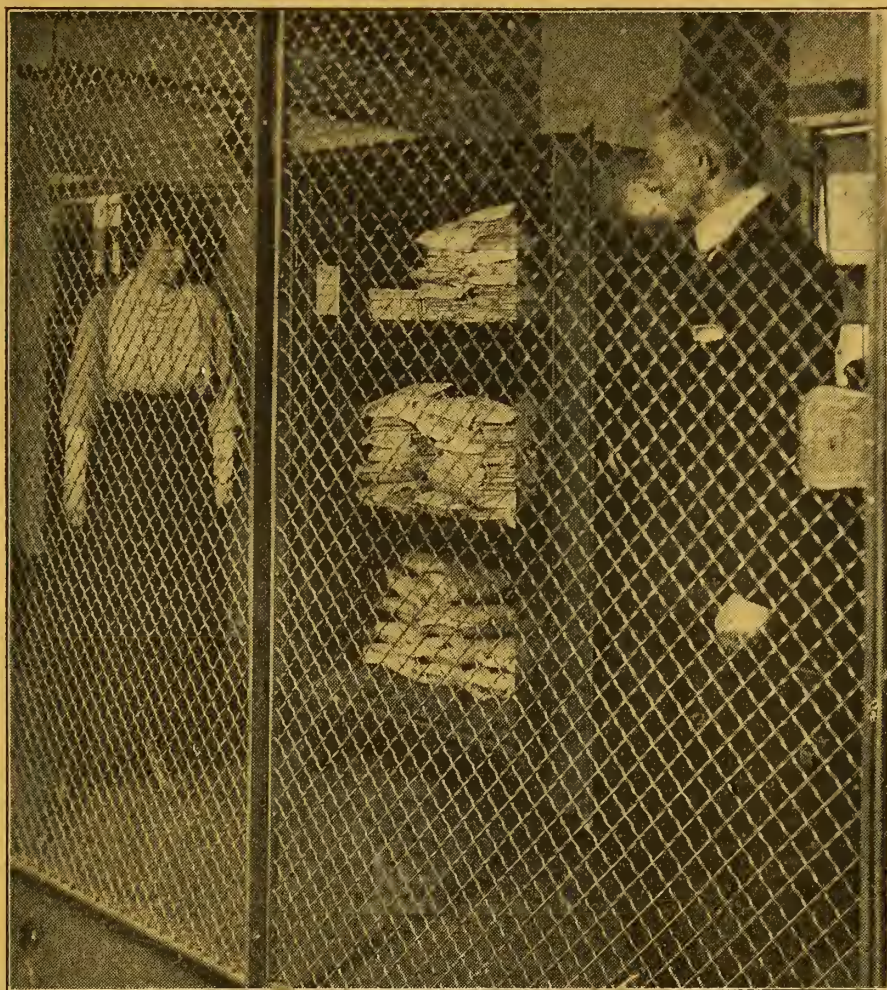
WHOOVER holds the title of the meanest man alive had better look to his laurels. The writer rises to nominate for that spectacular but unenviable position not one but as many of the employees of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance at Washington as have been robbing disabled ex-service men under the pretense of helping them get their compensations.

Seven employees have recently been arrested following the unearthing of what the authorities assert is a widespread plot to defraud battle-scarred veterans of their blood money. The Secretary of the Treasury has branded the thing as a "contemptible conspiracy," and hardened secret service men working on the case have described it as "the most despicable crime" they have ever been called upon to track down.

It is difficult to find words to nail the fraud for what it is. To rob men who have been through the hell of trench and No Man's Land, suffered all the way from first aid station back through hall after hall of pain and who are still wearing the badges of sacrifice, broken bodies and crippled lives, is as nasty a piece of business as the records of meanness hold. It amply qualifies anyone engaged in the nefarious traffic for a niche in the world's hall of infamy.

Not since the pension scandals after the Civil War has there been brought to light such a diabolical attempt to exploit disabled ex-soldiers. The investigation now under way, although at this writing it has not proceeded deep nor wide, already promises to implicate between fifty and a hundred clerks handling the claims of disabled ex-soldiers for compensation in the War Risk Bureau and to involve a sum of \$250,000 or more stolen from the claimants. So far the trail of dishonor has not led up to the office door of any important bureau official, but Secretary Houston, of the Treasury Department, has given his word that all concerned in the outrage, high and low, will be prosecuted to the limit of the law.

There seems to have been a regular code of procedure among the robbers, according to Chief W. H. Moran, of the United States Secret Service, who is directing the government drive against them. The typical case was somewhat like this: A disabled soldier going to present in person his claim for compensation at the Bureau of War Risk In-



One of the ten large vaults, all behind steel gratings, where War Risk Insurance premiums are stored for safe-keeping at the close of each day's business

surance would be informed by one of the conspirators that he was entitled to, let us say, \$200. At the same time he would have it whispered in his unsuspecting ear that the award was much too small and that under certain conditions it might be "put through" for a larger amount, perhaps \$300.

These "conditions" were in most cases that on all the clerk could get over and above the \$200 there was to be a fifty-fifty divide. The soldier, anxious to get all, or as nearly all as possible, of what he thought was coming to him, would agree, the clerk would be hired, the claim for the larger amount would go through, and all over and above the original amount named by the clerk would be split half and half. The truth would be, of course, that the soldier was entitled to the full amount all the time.

THIS fleeing of helpless men had been going on for nobody knows how long when recently an ex-soldier by the name of Joseph P. Delavigne, of Prescott, Arizona, who had a large claim for compensation, was approached by several employees of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. He was told that his claim had been allowed for \$1500, but that they would undertake to get it raised to \$2400 if he would share the extra \$900 with them.

This he refused to do. Instead he made his way straight to his United States Senator, Mr. Ashurst, of Arizona, who happened to be ill in bed

but who talked with Delavigne and sent his secretary with him to the Chief of the United States Secret Service, requesting that every effort be made to apprehend the guilty.

The result was that a little later, during the first week in July, the hand of the law fell heavy upon the young men accused of devising the scheme to get rich quick at the expense of the wounded veteran. The three alleged bright young financiers got, instead of the \$900, a free ride to the local police station.

In shooting at one bird, the Delavigne case, the secret service men say they have stirred up a whole covey. Ex-soldiers began to come forward on all sides with practically the same sad story as that of the man from Arizona. Like sheep before the War Risk shearers they had been, but now they were roaring lions of protest.

Chief Moran of the secret service saw immediately that the Delavigne case was only a link in perhaps a long chain of robbery and fraud. He resolved to follow it to the end. Several days later three more arrests were made. A day or two afterward there followed the seventh arrest.

"We don't suppose that these cases are isolated ones," Chief Moran has announced, "and we are going to proceed on that theory."

AS heartless as they were hearty, the War Risk robbers twisted what money they could get out of one-legged,

shell-shocked, blind and diseased indiscriminately. One big, husky-looking overseas veteran, shell-shocked into a nervous wreck, broke into mental chaos and wept as he tried to tell his story to the secret service men. In one case crooked clerks got \$1,400 out of a total of \$1,800 due a veteran, in another case \$1,400 out of a claim for \$3,500, and in yet another case they took a fee of \$700 on a \$1,400 claim.

The seven men so far arrested and accused are Patrick O'Brien of Des Moines, Iowa; David M. Griswold of Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. B. O'Connell of

Redfield, S. D.; Harold A. O'Connell of Buffalo, N. Y.; William F. Salisbury, also of Buffalo, and T. E. Graves and George W. Seitz of Washington, D. C. The two O'Connells are ex-service men.

In addition to the seven Washington arrests, two men were subsequently apprehended in New Britain, Conn., on similar charges. They are Daniel E. O'Keefe and Aloysius Young. From O'Keefe's story, Federal officials believe they got inside information from Washington regarding pending claims due disabled veterans, and then followed the familiar plan of offering to

split the money with the man who was entitled to it. The authorities are now endeavoring to link up the chain which they believe binds the Connecticut cases to the alleged ring in Washington.

Prosecution against those involved will be made under sections 37 and 113 of the penal code. Persons found guilty under these sections are liable to fines of not more than \$10,000 each, imprisonment for not more than three years, or both fine and imprisonment.

All things considered, that doesn't seem to be such a terribly stiff punishment.

The Birth of a Battle-cry

Not Even the Noisiest of All Wars Could Still the Whoop of the Youthful Go-getter as He Topped the Parapet on a Jerry Hunt

By John A. Level

PREVIOUS to the advent of gunpowder in war, along about the beginning of the sixteenth century, every outfit that hopped the sacks hurled a mean battle-cry at the enemy. The warwhoop was the big thing, ranking right along in popularity with the Sunday morning issue of goldfish. If gas masks had been worn by a charging unit the scuffle would have been lost right at the kick-off, because those beetles could never have made the welkin ring with a handicap of eight or ten ounces of rubber between their teeth.

Slowly but surely gunpowder won over the lungs of man. The battle-song was relegated to knighthood combats. By the time the American Indian had been located in his tepee the shout was almost extinct. At this stage in the long series of conflicts the war-cry fluctuated slightly, gaining in favor. No redskin could go through the tomahawk manual without a simultaneous use of the lungs.

When Uncle Sam flipped the chip off the Kaiser's shoulder strap, gunpowder was used to such an extent that a battle-whoop on a busy field made about as much impression as a bush leaguer announcing his Presidential candidacy. The European fighters pronounced it an extinct feature of war. An outfit of Tommies tried to substitute for the old favorite by going over the top kicking footballs, getting the same use of lung power because of frequent punctures. But kicking the pigskin around in No Man's Land was never recommended by octogenarians for the prolongation of life here below.

The Jerries successfully used the battle-cry of "kamerad," of course, but it was really the Yankees who invaded Europe with a revival of the old custom.

Above the din on the battle-ground when the doughboys were advancing the enemy frequently heard such strange shouts as "wing 'em," "a natural," "heaven, hell or Hoboken." One of the strangest of all these cries was "Mineola." This now famous warwhoop of the Twenty-seventh Division was the brain-child of a buck private, who coined the phrase in a big company-street crap game down in Spartanburg.

Old Dame Rumor had been busier around the camp than Babe Ruth with the bases full. The damsel had it that



He had shot the one, two, four, eight, sixteen and thirty-two

the Division was to go to Mineola, Long Island, to camp, from whence the boys were to cross the gangplank at Hoboken and sail the slippery and much-infested brine.

The aforementioned buck had shot the one, two, four, eight, sixteen and thirty-two. All his pet phrases had been consumed. Thoughtfully he picked up the African dominoes. Slowly he withdrew his right wing as he nudged for space in the crowd of badly-bent hangers-on. Then he artistically flipped the bones forth like the veteran he was, and as they careened along the much-trampled sod he shouted "Mineola!"

WHAT could it be but a natural! A greaseball went toward the canteen shouting "Mineola!" It spread like payday news. The incinerator comedians and rear-rank jesters took up the cry. A doughboy who could shout the fear-inspiring words at the most opportune moment was a hero, after the manner of all gloom destroyers. If it was at the camp movies and the protagonist was just planting or replanting a kiss on the heroine's lips, some nut would shout "Mineola," and if a battler at a boxing match landed on an opponent's jawbone the crowd shouted "Mineola" while the opposition in the ring was gaining his equilibrium.

One day in the practice trenches a charge was made, a French officer of considerable rank and dignity being on

duty in the thick of the fray. The doughboys went over shouting "Mineola!" After the storm the French officer exercised his English vocabulary to the best of his ability as follows:

"What es thees, ze Meeneola? I ne-ver hear et in ze trench before!"

THE Division never did get to Mineola, but sailed from Newport News. But the shout lived, even as you and I. The mid-Atlantic heard the strange battle-cry. It followed a submarine attack, rang out in the harbor at Brest, startled the natives of northeastern France and western Belgium and puzzled the base censors, who saw it scribbled on postcards and in letters.

It followed the Division around pock-marked Kemmel Hill; a corporal named Grant rallied a row of doughboys with the whoop in the Hindenburg Line attack, and Jerry fled from the heights of St. Souplet with "Mineola!" at his heels. Back in support and close up to the lines the bucks would make the welkin ring with Mineola as a shell broke or whistled by.

One veteran of the Division has named a new male arrival Mineola, and rumor hath it that the latter's initial battle-cry sounded very much like the warwhoop of the Twenty-seventh.

When the next war comes along things will be so noisy that a college yell leader will waste his vocal talents at the head of a column and a buck on guard outside a dugout won't be able to hear a sound even if there is a good crap game going on inside. Without a chance for throat play it is a cinch that most German non-coms will resign, for a Jerry squad leader makes more noise handling seven men than a chairman does trying to get attention at a convention of chorus girls.

The most surprised buck of the war was one who sprung his company's password, "Mineola," when he neared the German front line on patrol, thinking he was nearing his own pals.

"Vas ist das?" he heard a Jerry murmur.

He never waited to explain, and on returning to his trenches reported to the Skipper that green enemy troops were opposite.

"How come?" asked the skip.

"Them birds don't know what Mineola is," were the buck's immortal words.

A PAGE of SMILES in RHYME

The Fourth Year Circus

By WILLIAM WARREN

What's the strange and restless feeling
So contagiously a-stealing
O'er the wide, entire country where in
peace the months we've spent?
Why the tumult and the shouting
And the whooping and the spouting?
It's the Every Fourth Year Circus as
we choose a President.

Kansas farms, Long Island places,
All are full of talking faces;
Flats in Brooklyn, Bronx apartments,
ranches out Montana way.
Maine homes, Mississippi levees,
Hear the rumble of the heavies,
And the Arizona desert plunges boldly
in the fray.

Bankers, undertakers' mourners,
Cabbies, grocery store adorners,
Add their voices to the chorus in the
one prevailing note.
Congressmen and pretzel makers,
Pussyfooters, cocktail shakers,
Each one lustily proclaiming as to
how he'll cast his vote.

Hear the wild and heated speakers
To the grandstand and the bleachers—
"He's a man of flawless record, far
above all petty knocks.
"He's a man who's hale and hearty,
"Peerless leader of our party"—
"Bunk! A vote for him's a vote to put
the country on the rocks."

"He is sure to sweep Dakota,
"He'll get every Texas voter."
"No, he'll never" . . . "Bet a derby!"
". . . "Say, you're totally deranged."
"And he'll romp home in the gloaming
"With New Jersey and Wyoming."
It's the same old line we're hearing,
though the names, of course, have
changed.

See the stalwart politician
At his canny ballot fishin',
"Hello, Joe, I thought I'd drop in when
you got back from the shop.
"May I call to your attention—
"Have a good cigar. Don't mention—
"You'll be sure to vote our ticket from
the bottom to the top?"

There's a roaring and a prattle
And the long-drawn din of battle
And the orators are chinning at a mile-
a-minute flow;
And a party will remember
Very sadly, this November,
But which one of them it's going to be
I really do not know.

Why It Was

By STEUART M. EMERY

Antonio, who blacks my shoes,
Met me today with such a smile
I couldn't very well refuse
To mount his stand a little while.
And as he bent and brushed with care
His lips were humming bits of song,
As if he held some secret rare—
And Tony couldn't keep it long.
"I gotta lett' from Napoli—
"My Rosa an' my bambino,
"They coma now across da blue sea
"On one big steamboat vera slow.
"My Rosa she be here nex' week
"An' sunshine be in all da sky,
"So Tony work his best so queeck
"An soon da time he passa by."
An extra rub, a sigh content,
And Tony nimbly stepped aside,
And on my humdrum way I went,
To leave him smiling in his pride.
But where I went eyes followed too
And people turned to look my way,
In envy at each glistening shoe—
That was some shine I got today!

Let's Beat It

By BERTON BRALEY

Let's beat it. Where?
I do not care.
I only know
I want to go
From here—to there!

Boy, I declare
I need new air,
It's time to blow,
Let's beat it!

I'm sick, I swear
Of street and square
Of life that's slow
And jobs; and so
Allons, mon cher,
Let's beat it!

In Allah's Land

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

In Allah's land, my dreams stray
Across the leagues of yellow sand,
On some resplendent sunset day.

I'm one with that dim swarthy band,
And watch the camels swing their way
To romance-freighted Samarkand.

Deep in this lotus land I'd stay,
But lack of cigarettes has banned
My further journeys far away
In Allah's land.

Through the Week

By GEORGE RICHARD BRUNJES

On Monday she swore that she'd al-
ways be mine,
On Tuesday her mood seemed to
change.
Came Wednesday, she yawned when I
said she looked fine,
And I thought her demeanor seemed
strange.
On Thursday she said that I bored her
to death,
Which I took for a very bad sign;
On Friday we quarreled—
On Saturday, too—
And I hastened away to repine.
But her mood changed again when the
week started new
And on Sunday—she swore she'd be
mine.

Pourquoi, Alors?

By STUART H. CARROLL

It couldn't be the dimples,
For hosts of girls have had 'em
Through all the vanished seasons
Since Eve appealed to Adam:
And surely in Killarney
On divers tourist trips
I've heard delightful blarney
From other laughing lips.

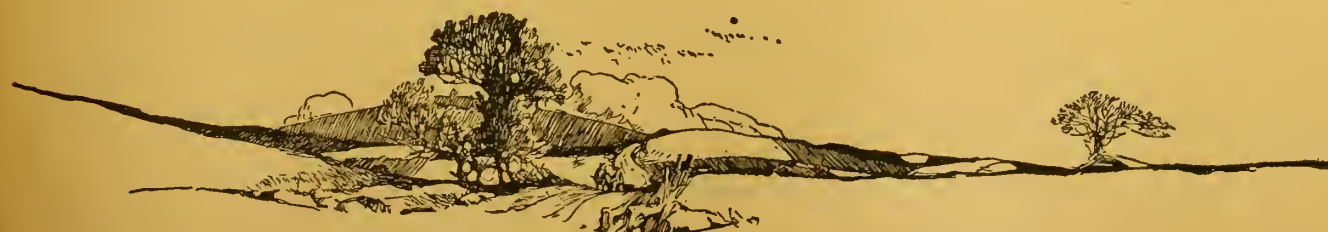
*But, darn it, then, what is it
That turns me upside down
When Nora comes a tripping
Along the road to town?*

It goes without my saying
That spring is in her laughter,
And that where'er she passes
A sunbeam follows after;
But surely, while on service
In other lands and far,
No laughter made me nervous,
No sunshine left a scar!

*Well, why, then, should I stutter
And feel so out of place,
When on the dusty highway,
I meet her face to face?*

Her eyes are blue, but golly,
I've seen all shades, I'm thinkin',
From baby blue to poilu
Without a sign of blinkin';
Her lips are red and merry,
But that's not superfine,
For lips outranked the cherry
When Paris sights were mine!

*Perhaps I'll never tumble
To what the secret be—
I only know I love her—
And that's enough for me!*



EDITORIAL

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion.

Profiting by the Bonehead

THE cynic who asserts that human nature can always be depended upon to do the wrong thing at the wrong time may be overstating it, but the partial truth of his indictment is borne out in the fundamental theories underlying many a hard-headed business man's fortune. If humanity suddenly left off making mistakes, think of the petitions in involuntary bankruptcy that would be filed three minutes later. Manufacturers of rubber erasers and ink eradicators, specialists in that super-mucilage that holds a broken plate together with a hundred-pound weight striving in vain to undo the repair, fire departments, a good many physicians and hospitals, undertakers specializing in toadstool victims—what would become of them all?

Probably they have nothing to worry about. The proportion of small boys who looked into the business ends of toy cannons to see why they didn't go off was as high last Fourth of July as it ever was. Even when the world's supply of toy cannons is reduced to one somebody will certainly be on hand to see what ails it.

Don't Bet or Don't Dress Up?

THE wizened keeper of a news-stand on a Paris boulevard recently was hailed as the luckiest man in the world. Wearing an old cap and fringy, greasy clothes, he had haunted the Longchamps race track and made several hundred thousand francs. At the time he was "discovered," he said he had never lost a bet.

This is the point where in this type of story a divergence would develop between fact and fancy. Both might agree—fancy conceding a point to fact—that the old man finally discarded his old cap and his ragged suit and put on a top hat and frock coat. But fancy would probably recount that he went on betting, made 50,000,000 francs and retired to a chateau.

Fact, however, as ruthless as usual, chronicles that the old man changed his luck with his clothes. On the day he dressed up he lost all the bets he laid and the bookmakers plucked him down to his pinfeathers.

Page Mr. McGuffey, the man who writes—or used to write—our third readers. He could always point the moral of a story.

Eugenie

THE recent death at the age of ninety-four of the former Empress Eugenie served for a single vivid instant to link this present day with a generation which even the middle-aged among us cannot recall at first hand. It will be fifty years ago in September that Sedan was written into French history, and with it the end of the imperial regime in the person of the last of the Napoleons. The Emperor himself died less than three years later, an exile in England; in 1879 the boy who would have succeeded him had there been no Sedan was killed fighting with the British in Zululand.

For more than forty years Eugenie remained as the sole survivor of a momentous epoch. Her span of life was far longer than most of the sons and daughters of

men may hope for, or even desire. Long as it was, it was only long enough for her to see Sedan reversed, the lost provinces restored, the German terror crushed and the imperial heir of her own humiliator an exile in a foreign land.

Odd musings of the fickleness of fate must have thronged the mind of one sojourner in Holland when he learned of the death of Eugenie.

After the Horse Is Stolen

THERE has been and still is enough inefficiency in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance without adding to it the crowning ignominy of graft and larceny evidenced in the unearthing of what seems to have been a smoothly-running conspiracy to defraud ex-service men out of their due compensation. It is well enough for officials higher up to rush into print with fervent demands for the investigation to proceed up and down and clean through, but to the average onlooker it would seem that in a well-ordered administration of so important a government bureau some sort of a safeguard could have been devised against the possibility of such a conspiracy.

Helping Break the Silence

WAR Department records are close-mouthed, listless things. "Missing in action" or "died of disease" meant a load of sorrow for thousands of mothers when official telegrams announcing the death of their sons were sent out in 1918 and 1919. Those few words told a big story in cruelly brief fashion. Those mothers wanted and still want to know much more than the official obituaries told.

That is why more than 3,000 relatives of killed or missing soldiers have asked THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY to get information about them through its Roll Call department.

The department, printed from week to week in this magazine, is arranged to be read easily. It only takes a few minutes to run through the list. If you find an inquiry about a buddy whose last hours on earth have a place in your memories of the war, it only takes a few more minutes to write his mother what you know about him.

A few cheering words from you—a careful account of your buddy's valor even unto death—will pull aside the curtains of mystery which have aggravated the sorrow of some mother and ease the burden which she has borne for months and months.

Explaining a Policy

THIS magazine will publish from time to time articles on controversial subjects toward which many of its readers will hold diametrically opposite views. An instance in point is Mr. William Slavens McNutt's vigorous attack upon our presidential convention system, which appears in this issue. In such a case the opinions expressed are those of the writer, and by no means necessarily those of either The American Legion or its official publication. The editors feel that the readers of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY are interested in and are desirous of reading frank discussions of public questions by competent writers whether or not they are personally in agreement with the opinions expressed.

Missing in Action

WHAT has become of the nation-wide movement to reduce prices that the newspapers were telling us about some six weeks ago?

THE A. E. F. VETERAN REVISITS THE FRONT

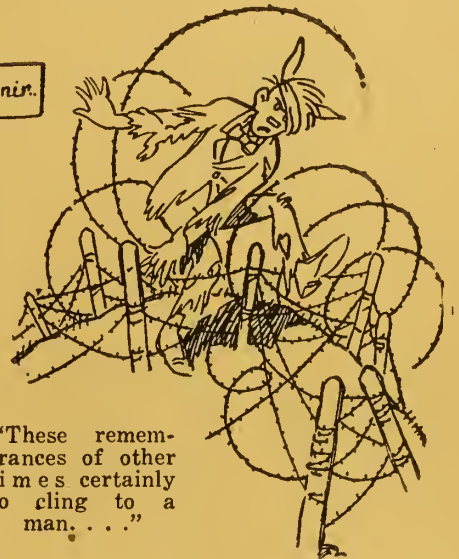


"To think that two years ago I was in this very spot!"

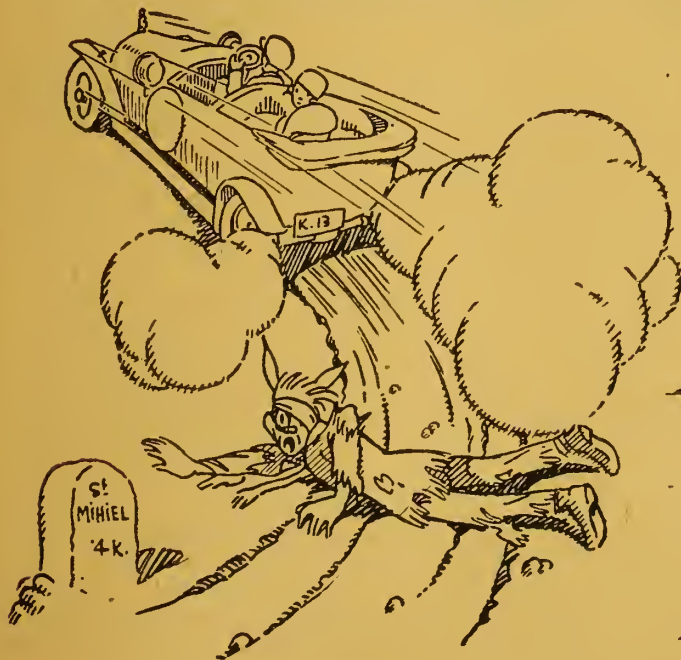


"I remember it was in these very ruins that I was cornered by the Boche. . . ."

"It was just here that a hunk of shrapnel hit me. . . ."



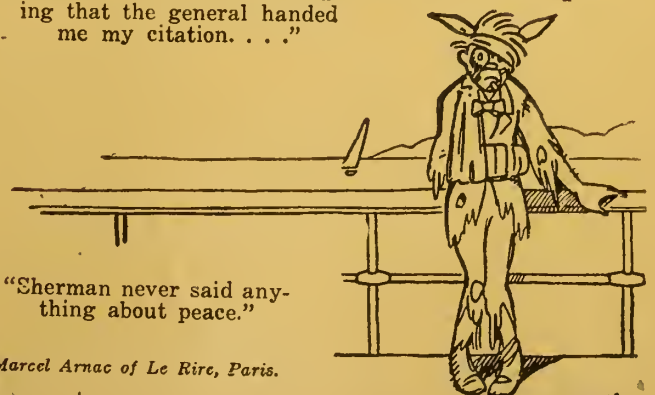
"These remembrances of other times certainly do cling to a man. . . ."



"It was on this road that a five point nine bowled me over. . . ."



"... and it was in this building that the general handed me my citation. . . ."



"Sherman never said anything about peace."

Drawn for THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY by Marcel Arnac of Le Rire, Paris.

BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for Bursts and Duds. Unavailable jokes will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Editor, Bursts and Duds.

Rubbing It In

Phil the Forger: "What made Safe-cracker Sam so sore at that prison worker this morning?"

Charley the Con: "She gave him a calendar for 1920 and he's doing fifteen years."

The Lure

"Hear you're playing poker pretty regularly down at the club. Do you manage to keep even?"

"Heavens, no. If I kept even the game would lose its fascination. I'm losing right along."

The Fitness of Things

"Did you get the right men for the city offices at the last elections?"

"Well, we elected a prohibitionist water commissioner."

Behind the Times

The fool frogs still
Croak "Jug-o'-rum";
They don't know Pro-
hibition's come.

True Courtesy

In one of the smaller cities in central France used by a division headquarters during the winter of 1918-1919, Alphonse the barber endeavored to learn to speak English. To this end he was diligently coached by numerous Yank dispatch-bearers, sergeants major and clerical workers, and Alphonse learned fast.

No less a personage than the commanding general of the division strode into the barber shop one day and demanded a shave in a hurry. Alphonse, who was tending a lowly enlisted customer, knew rank when he saw it and rose to the occasion.

"Sairtainlee, *mon general*," he replied, bowing with true French politeness. "Seet down, *mon general*, an' you be nex', you beeg steef."

The general waited.

Front or Rear Rank?

"They say life in the army teaches a man to take care of Number One."

"Not if he's Number Three."

Thou Shalt Not Covet

Teacher: "And what was there about George Washington that we all wish we had?"

Bright Lad: "His little hatchet."

Above Channels

"When did you first go over the top?"

"At Camp Dix. I went straight to the captain the time he put me on K. P. two weeks' running."

Just Like That

The captain was giving a talk to his men on the eccentricities of German high explosive shells but was at a loss as to how to illustrate their peculiarities. Suddenly there was a z-z-ziss and a boom-m-m as one sailed directly overhead. For a few moments there was

BUCKEYE CORNERS NEWS ITEMS



Old Hank Burroughs, the village drunkard, has become the most popular man in town since the Supreme Court approved the eighteenth amendment

silence. Then the captain's nose appeared triumphantly from the depths of a dugout.

"You see, men," he chortled, "there was one of the things I was telling you about."

Naughty, Naughty

Sentry: "Halt, who's there?"

Voice: "Colonel Jinx and wife."

Sentry: "Oh, you little devil! Whose this time?"

By Profession

They were making out their qualification cards at Camp Greene in the early part of the war and one dusky

recruit was under cross-examination as to his business.

"Suh," he told the clerk firmly, "Ah is a pacifist."

"A wha-a-at?" gasped the clerk aghast.

"A pacifist. Ah works in a ice cream factory and pacifies all de milk and de cream."

No Chance

A labor union leader was the hope of his team in a closely fought bowling match. Breathlessly they watched him as he uncurved himself and let go the ball. Disgustedly they turned away as

it trickled down the gutter and not a pin fell.

"Gosh, Bill," commented one of his supporters. "Seems as if you could have pulled off a strike there when we needed it so bad."

"Strike?" shouted the bowler. "Swell show for a strike. The things ain't organized."

A Capital Sailor

A sailor has no EZ time when on the DP sails; it's RD finds aloft to climb exposed to IC gales. And then in KC makes a slip, or if he DZ grows, a tumble from the lofty ship is the last ND knows.

And overboard for AD cries, with NRG and vim, and though of little UC tries a vain SA to swim. But when no LP finds is near, nor NE one to save, he then in an XS of fear, must CK watery grave.

That's Logic

"But," demanded the lawyer, "what makes you think that your husband could ever afford to pay such an outrageous amount of alimony?"

"Why," replied the fair plaintiff, "he told me with his own lips that if he were only single he'd be a millionaire."

His Only Failing

A conscientious objector, undergoing examination from a physician, was anxious that the medico find something wrong with him.

"Doctor," he pleaded, "I couldn't



"You don't look well. Is anything the matter?"

"I've got the apartment hunter's disease."

"What's that?"

"Flat feet."

bear to shoot one of the poor Germans. Why, just think, they have wives and children the same as we have. I couldn't take a human life."

"Stand still and shut up," retorted the physician, applying his stethoscope.

"I'm sure there's something the mat-

ter with my heart, too," began the complainant hopefully. "It feels so funny. Don't you find it weak?"

"Nope," growled the M. D., putting his instruments away. "It isn't weak. It's just a leetle mite too kind, that's all. You pass. Next!"

When Tempus Fugitis

"Hang it all, daughter," exploded old Jenkins. "You can't marry young Dobbins. I won't have it. Why he only makes eighteen dollars a week."

"I know, father," replied the sweet young thing, "but a week passes so quickly when you're fond of each other."

The Record

Ex-service men from a variety of outfits were bragging about the respective abilities of their champions in their own particular line. Finally the M. T. C. veteran, who had enjoyed no opportunity to enter into the discussion, broke forth.

"Blazes!" he said, "That ain't nothin' a-tall. Why, we had a guy in our outfit who was so tall that he could crank up his flivver without even gettin' out of the seat."

Per Schedule

Ding: "Where'd you go on your vacation?"

Dong: "Broke."

Rational

Damsel: "Did you ever have a horse in France?"

Doughboy: "Only for mess."

THE VOICE of the LEGION

Encore the Next War

To the Editor: The letter from Captain Burdick in your issue of July 2nd is a refreshing relief from the groans arising from disgruntled former service men.

The articles written by various members explaining in detail how far they will be from this country in our next war should be prima facie evidence for suspension from membership. Close-order drill and army red-tape, even of the "Kate" variety, are essential to a well-organized army, and it would seem that the Army could continue to run more efficiently under the guidance of Army War College instruction than by sets of rules drawn up by guard-house lawyers.

Does experience show that the majority of the court-martial critics are well-disciplined, law-abiding soldiers, or those who have felt the "oppression" which should be meted out to all law-breakers, civil or military?

RAY C. YOUNG

Providence Post No. 1,
Providence, R. I.

From a Retired Officer

To the Editor: I read an editorial in your issue of June 25 about a soldier who wants to return to civil life. It is all true except the \$60, which a retired officer cannot get. So don't let the buddies run away with the idea that the officers get all the good things.

I am retired and have tried civil life, and know there are some compensations

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY disclaims responsibility for facts stated or opinions expressed in this department, which is open to all readers for the discussion of subjects of general interest. The only restriction imposed is that, because of space demands, no letter may exceed two hundred words.

for a lifetime spent in the service, but they don't go very far, and we did not get any increase in our pensions.

A. M. C.

Detroit, Mich.

Once More the Shipyards

To the Editor:

SHIPYARDS DISTRIBUTE
\$1,000,000 BONUS

New York, July 1.—Stock bonuses amounting to more than \$1,000,000 were distributed today by William M. Todd of the Todd Shipyards Corporation to employees here.

How about ex-service men who were working for \$33 a month when these fellows were making about \$15 a day?

H. L. R.

Oakland, Calif.

That California Climate

To the Editor: I live in Minnesota myself, where it is so cold in winter that we never know just how cold it is, as the mercury goes down just so far and then freezes until it thaws out in the spring, so we are somewhat in the dark as to the temperature. In the

summer time it gets so hot that the mercury can only climb to a certain point, when it is overcome by fatigue and can barely hold its own until fall.

I put in this introduction just to show that I am broadminded and am not merely boosting for my native climate. The muse which inspired this article is a letter in the last AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, "A Native Son Takes Issue." A person can't mention anything from a porous plaster to a gyroscope without reminding some Californian about the climate of his native State. I have been regaled by Californians with stories of their salubrious climate from the cradle to what will be an early grave if it doesn't let up soon.

I write this with malice toward none and in benefit of the sorely tried but still populous outside world.

HARRY B. CLARK, M.D.

St. Cloud, Minn.

A Compensation Loophole

To the Editor: I am one of many who are receiving compensation from the Government. Under the provisions one must make a monthly report to the Compensation and Insurance Claims Division "stating as nearly as possible your exact physical condition, together with all information relative to your return to employment, of increase in earning capacity." If monthly reports are not made, no compensation payments are made.

That clause, to my mind, leaves a loophole for any unscrupulous person to take advantage of and obtain an in-

crease in monthly payments. After all the red tape necessary to get a claim allowed, and sworn statements, etc., it seems to me as if a report from a United States Public Health Service physician would carry more weight. It is probably a fact that there are those who would take advantage of this freedom.

Personally, I would prefer to have my report sent in by an authorized physician. I cannot state in medical terms the nature and extent of my disability. Why can't there be forms prepared for such reports?

F. D. MORRIS

Fairbury, Nebr.

Parades and Insignia

To the Editor: In Boston, on May 29th, during the parade to Fenway Park, I noticed in several of the posts, members of the Legion who held commissions during the war and who have been discharged from the service wearing the insignia of their rank on their uniforms. With many other comrades I ask, "Why?"

Also some others were not satisfied with going that far but also wore Sam Browne belts and swords. Again I ask "Why?"

The Spanish-American veterans had no colonel's eagles, major's leaves or Sam Browne belts among them. They all wore the same kind of uniform.

As a member of the Legion I believe we are comrades of equal rank, and as such when we wear the O. D. should wear it without any sign of rank.

If a comrade has a uniform he wore as an officer during the war, let him wear it, but first remove all signs of rank.

No, I wasn't an enlisted man, and I have no feeling against officers, because I wore the oak leaves myself.

I am what I think you are,

A COMRADE

Boston, Mass.

Veteran Legislation

To the Editor: I have just read with interest the instructive article by J. W. Rixey Smith under the title "The Yard Stick on Congress." While I assume that Mr. Smith's criticism is free from political bias, he is, I think, unduly harsh in declaring that the program of Congress "for the ex-service man in general was a dismal, unmitigated failure."

This indictment is negated by his statement that Congress "has done everything that could be reasonably expected for the disabled man." Is it not true that in appropriating \$300,000,000 for the relief of the thousands of disabled men who form an integral part of the World War veterans, and who are rightly given first consideration, Congress has done substantial justice to service men in general? Granted that we who were fortunate enough to return sound of limb and unimpaired in health will not be directly benefited by the disbursement of that vast appropriation, the beneficiaries are our buddies, so, standing together, we all came out on top of the legislative shuffle.

Furthermore, the Legion's four-fold plan, as embodied in the Fordney bill, passed the House with a good margin, thereby showing in that body a pronounced sentiment (whether simulated or genuine none can say) favorable to the ex-service man. The failure of this bill in the Senate is the basis of Mr.

Smith's adverse criticism. But to my way of thinking, the Senate was fully warranted in permitting this measure to sleep, wrapped in the objectionable folds of "adjusted compensation," as it came from the House.

The bonus clause in the Fordney bill is, I firmly believe, the chief stumbling block. It was, I submit, ill-advised to incorporate it in the Legion's program. If enacted into law, it would entail a further heavy strain on our already

OFFICERS AND RAILROAD FARES

To the Editor: For the love of Mike run an article doing away with the theory that delegates to State or national conventions of the Legion pay their own way. Let's get away from the "let's elect Colonel Blank a delegate—he can pay his own way" idea. Many men up here who are not in the Legion complain—and in some cases, particularly the national conventions, justly complain—that the Legion is officer dominated. I personally believe this to have been true of both the St. Louis and Minneapolis conventions.

Please don't think that I'm an officer hater, for I'm not. I was one myself from December, 1917, on, but as I was an enlisted man once myself I know their viewpoint too.

D. P. W.

Buffalo, N. Y.

over-burdened exchequer. The benefits accruing to the ex-service men would not be commensurate with this added financial strain. In a word, the bonus would simply be so much crap money and the recipients of the bounty would fitter it away accordingly.

Let's eliminate the bonus plan and, without program thus revised, ask our national solons to show their hand.

CHARLES A. SUTTON

Rey E. Parrish Post No. 13,
Clarksburg, W. Va.

The Legion and Labor

To the Editor: As veterans of the World War (some members of The American Legion), as members of organized labor, and as well-wishers of the Legion, we, the undersigned members of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle Chapel, New York Typographical Union No. 6, I. T. U., hereby appeal to The American Legion to declare, as an organization, a policy of fair play

"FORMERLY OF —"

"The first thought that strikes me when I get my copy of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY," writes a Legionnaire from Kingsport, Tenn., "is to turn to 'The Voice of the Legion Page' and see if there's anybody from the Eighty-first (Wildcat) Division that has anything to say."

There are several hundred thousand Legionnaires who get a kick out of merely seeing the name of the old outfit in print. When you write your letter, there's no harm in putting the name of your old organization right under your own. It will look good to the rest of the bunch.

in any present or future controversy between capital and labor.

We realize and readily grant that The American Legion, as an organization, cannot dictate to individual members as to what course they should pursue in such a matter. That is for the individual himself to decide. But, on the other hand, we believe that the Legion should, in justice to the large number of organized labor members who are veterans of the World War and members of The American Legion, and as a matter of constructive policy, take the necessary steps to stop the attempt that is at present being made to place The American Legion before the reading public in the light of a strike-breaking agency.

BLAIR LEEDS, ex-U. S. N., WILLIAM F. SEAMAN, ex-U. S. N., JOSEPH A. KONCHELL, JR., ex-U. S. A., WILF WOOD, ex-U. S. A., DANIEL S. ELY, ex-U. S. A., JOHN J. DONAHUE, ex-U. S. N., THOMAS F. MAINWARING, ex-U. S. N., ALBERT W. GREEN, ex-U. S. N.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

[This magazine is glad to reprint from an editorial in the issue of June 18 the following extract from a letter addressed by Commander D'Olier to the Adjutant of the Department of New Jersey: "The American Legion has taken a very positive stand that, as an organization, it should never take any definite part in any dispute between the employer and the employee, or between capital and labor. This policy shall be adhered to strictly by the national organization, state organizations and the posts as well. . . . There is nothing to prevent the individual member, as an individual, from taking either side in such a controversy, but The American Legion, as an organization, should not do so."—Editor's Note.]

Lost Confidence

To the Editor: I have read the article "Your Bit for the Man Who Did His," and thought it very good, but I want to say a word about two sentences in it. They are: "The disabled themselves, tired by inattention and promises unfulfilled, gave up their effort to get their moral and legal due," and "It is the lack of confidence and diffidence of the disabled that is retarding the work."

I am a Legionnaire who was hurt in action and sent home with a casual company from St. Aignan. I think I am in a position to know what lack of confidence and diffidence mean. If the writer of the article had returned with the outfit I did his confidence would have disappeared too. Can you blame a man who had had his service record lost and been bumped around for wanting to get out of the Army? Many of them resolved to tell a lie if necessary, which sometimes was done.

If you had sailed into New York harbor with some of those casual outfits and seen Miss Liberty and realized you were not a free man yet, if you had gone into camp with those battered-up men and seen them examined and many of them discharged as physically O.K. when they had been badly gassed or wounded and others receive five or ten percent disability, would you say they had received a square deal?

Give the disabled man a square deal and don't blame him for not having confidence now.

GEORGE W. WITHERS

Akron, O.

THE OBSERVATION POST

NOVEMBER 11 this year comes on Thursday—a good day for a holiday, even though it isn't quite as good as Saturday or Monday. But Armistice Day a few months from now is going to set up an entirely new kind of American holiday. It will be notable for a good many of the 5,000,000 veterans as the day on which they receive something in the way of an issue, to remind them of the old olive drab days.

Plans for the distribution of the Victory Medals by the individual Posts on Armistice Day are being worked out, and all signs point to genuine celebrations everywhere the veterans gather to receive the sign of their country's appreciation.

Post officers ought to make sure right now that their outfits will be in on the day's celebration. To insure this means early work by Adjutants.

Application forms must be obtained, filled in with typewriter, and sent to Washington. Original discharge certificates must be brought forth in order that notations may be made on them. It will mean a little work like preparing a mailing list, but everybody knows that the little job of getting company papers in order at Brest was the most enthusiastic one ever performed.

“Go get ‘em!” was the spirit at a recent meeting of the George N. Alt-house Post of Norristown, Pa., when the names of all delinquent members were read aloud, and those present volunteered to interview the strayed brethren.

THOUSANDS of Legionnaires not in a position to take full-time courses in educational institutions are doing the next best thing by studying in special or trade schools at night, while they work in the daytime. The correspondence courses also are enabling men to get a theoretical knowledge of many occupations and showing the way toward advancement. No Legionnaire ought to let himself be downed by circumstances if he has the proper desire to keep on studying. As one example of the opportunities for systematic bettering of knowledge, the Y. M. C. A. is again offering free scholarships in many of its special schools. Last Spring thousands of veterans received these scholarships and others given by the K. of C. The scholarships are well worth looking into.

You have probably heard that the Department conventions of South Carolina and Florida went on record against the four-fold compensation plan. You ought to know that the number of Legionnaires in these two States is only a little more than one percent of the national membership.

THIS is the season when thousands of hams are being sliced into home-made sandwiches, while tons of salads are being lowered into baskets on intimate terms with chocolate layer cakes and thermos bottles. The roads to all quiet country places are crowded with automobiles. The trains to the out of the way little summer resorts are loaded with basket-carrying one-day tourists. This is the picnic season!

Now, in this season, why not make every Post picnic the occasion for the



formation of a Women's Auxiliary? Is it fair to call upon the women to help only when there are picnic lunches to be prepared? They should be taken into Legion citizenship.

One way to form an auxiliary is to take advantage of such an affair as a picnic. When all the women relatives of the members are assembled, a speaker should explain in detail the eligibility requirements and the procedure necessary for the formation of the auxiliary. Data and application forms should be obtained in advance from the Department Adjutants. After everything has been explained, the women should be left alone to perfect their temporary organization.

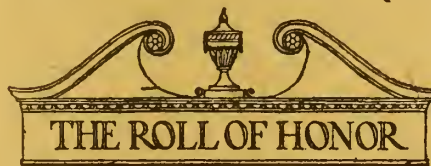
Perhaps the picnic may furnish only the first step. The final work of forming an enthusiastic auxiliary may be

taken later at a social meeting in the Post's clubrooms. Some Posts may omit the picnic preliminary or forming an auxiliary, and start the auxiliary at a social entertainment. In any event, getting the women to form their own branch of the Legion is so simple, and these summer months are so golden in possibilities, that before the National Convention every Post ought to have its own auxiliary or have a good alibi for not having one.

There should be a Post of the Legion in every community which has twenty or more ex-service men. If you know of a postless town, you can be a god-father to a new Post by tipping off your Department Adjutant.

THE New York Department leads off in the new country-wide program to make the Legion the effective right hand of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. Six Legionnaires already have been appointed local agents of the Federal Board, with their offices in six large cities of the State outside New York City. They will get ninety-five cents an hour for their actual working time. They will be in touch with the ex-service men needing training in their cities and, in general, will be responsible for seeing that every man gets all he deserves. The agents will work largely through the local Posts.

From this starting point of the New York system it is anticipated that eventually the whole country-wide co-operation between the Legion and the Federal Board will evolve. Its success will now depend largely on the kind of local agents selected, and the support given by local posts. The whole plan calls for pull-together spirit. What will be the next State to be organized for work with the Federal Board?



Class AA

Cocalico Post, Denver, Pa.
Sherill, N. Y., Post
Herbert Eugene Wade Post, Grandfield, Okla.
Ed. H. Lohman Post, Concordia, Mo.
Crewe, Va., Post
J. W. Roth Post, Lake Crystal, Minn.
Eureka, Ill., Post
Windom, Minn., Post
Nicholas Tasson Post, Diorite, Mich.
John Rolinski Post, Toluca, Ill.

Class A

Frederick P. Helmuth Post, Clinton, N. Y.
Byron Hook Post, Stockport, O.
Harry E. Everist Post, Mankato, Kans.
Harris D. Buckwalter Post, Royersford, Pa.
Luther S. Hankinson Post, Elgin, Kan.

Class B

Bethany College Post, Bethany, W. Va.

Hereon are listed the names of posts with the highest proportion of members among the ex-service men in their communities. In Class AA are the names of posts with a 100 per cent. enrollment—posts whose membership embraces all the former service men in their communities. In Class A are listed the names of posts with an enrollment of between 90 and 100 per cent.; in Class B, posts with an enrollment of between 80 and 90 per cent. If your post is qualified for The Roll of Honor forward its record.



CARRYING ON

What is your Post doing? Tell it here in news and gossip. Address contributions to Post News Editor, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

THE Blunt, S. D. Post is building a Legion Theatre. It will be used regularly as a motion picture house and for dances. Members of the Post and business men of the town are financing the building.

The American Legion Follies proved both a dramatic and financial success for the James Harvey Hughes Post of Skidmore, Mo., which has only been organized four months. The show got \$250 into the Post treasury. The money will be placed in a fund for the purchase of a memorial club building.

About ninety percent of the members of the Leon A. Harper Post of Crewe, Va., which has a paid-up membership of seventy-seven, are railroad men and affiliated with the railroad brotherhoods.

The John M. Paxton Post of Emory, Va., is looking forward complacently to the future loss of two-thirds of its members. The reason is that most of the members are students at Emory and

Henry College and will be graduated in the next year or two. But what this Post loses, others will gain. The Lee Tait Post of Richmond, Va., faces the same situation, its members being ex-service men of the Union Theological Seminary.

The Federal Board Students' Post of New York City played a big part in obtaining passage of the Darrow Bill, awarding ex-service men receiving vocational training \$100 a month instead of \$80. Two members of the Post journeyed to Washington several days before Congress adjourned and succeeded in having the bill rushed through as a rider to the Deficiency Bill.

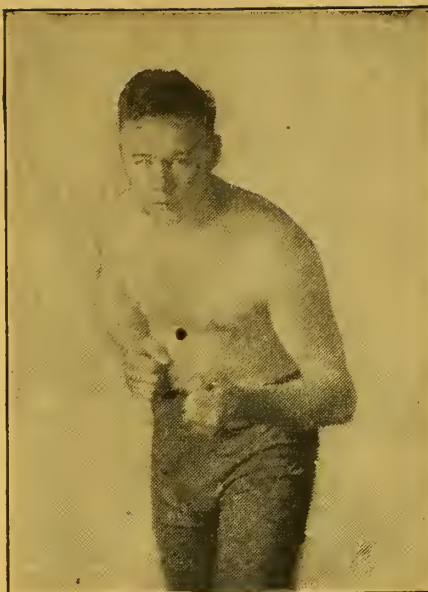
During the carnival and dance which it conducted for two weeks, the Snyder-Farmer Post of Hyattville, Md., entertained each night a post from Washington or some other nearby city. It is raising funds for a memorial building.

A building and loan association has been formed within the membership of the Harold D. Speakman Post of Narberth, Pa.

DANIEL BOONE POST of Winchester, Ky., is cooperating with the Women's Federated Clubs of its town in an effort to turn a vacant lot into a Memorial Park. The park will contain a drinking fountain, which will bear a bronze tablet inscribed with the roll of honor of Clark County. The Post has helped fifteen former soldiers obtain scholarships through the Y. M. C. A. Educational Service.

Who will tell the Olkosky Jessop Post of Emporium, Pa., the best plan to follow in obtaining a post clubhouse? Frank Egan, chairman of the Emporium Post's building committee, writes that his outfit has lots of spirit but is not so strong on ideas. Who'll tell 'em?

One of the last acts of Sergeant James S. Butler, of Keene, N. H., before he died recently, was to turn over the D. S. C. and citations he had received for service in France to the Gordon Bissell Post of his home town. Sergeant Keene had served with Co. G, 103rd Infantry. His death resulted from the effects of phosgene and chlorine gas poisoning.



BILLY SCHUBERT, A. E. F. light heavy-weight who gave Bombardier Wells the K.O. in London in 1919, wants the Army, Navy and Civilian Board of Boxing Control to match up the prominent A. E. F. men of his class so that the winner may meet Georges Carpentier. Schubert, whose real name is W. L. Schaudenbach, is a member of the Robert E. Bentley Post, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The term "comrade" doesn't get across at all in Norfolk, Va., where the Norfolk Post has just voted that "Buddy" will be the official greeting between members. It will be "Buddy" at meetings, and it will be "Dear Buddy" in the jump-off of a letter. Hitherto members have been calling one another everything but "comrade." Even "birds" was more popular than the old-time fraternal greeting.

June brides threatened to overwhelm all the activities of the Roy S. Leidy Post of Schwenksville, Pa. The marriage of two of the brothers of the

Post Commander came at a time when the Vice Commander was on his own honeymoon. So many other members of the Post were showing signs of matrimony that there was difficulty in getting a quorum for a meeting. Even the practice of the Post's baseball team had to be suspended temporarily. Because of the general unrest and suspense bachelor members of the Post considered making an appeal to the fair maidens of the town to relent long enough to give the Post a chance to pull itself together.

WHEN Thomas Mason, an ex-service man, died in an Indianapolis hospital the hospital authorities were unable to learn his home address or the names of any of his friends or relatives. A group of Legionnaires, hearing of the case, took charge of the body and provided a funeral at which full military tributes were paid. The Rt. Rev. Joseph Francis, formerly chaplain at Base Hospital No. 32 in France, conducted the services and a firing squad from Fort Benjamin Harrison participated.

Nora Springs, Ia., Post gave its town a real celebration on June 23, at its first annual field day. A fund of \$600 had been raised for expenses and prizes, and at a parade prizes were awarded for the best floats. Airplane exhibitions, races, and baseball games helped make the celebration successful.

West Hoboken Post of Hoboken, N. J., entertained more than 1,000 guests at its first block dance of the season, given in the third week in June. Lanterns and flags were used as decorations on houses nearby.

El Paso, Tex., Post celebrated Flag Day by a night pageant with military drills and fireworks display.

Illinois now has the largest paid-up Legion membership—54,740. Of these more than 25,000 have been enrolled this year. New York is a close second, with 52,460 members. Pennsylvania is third with 49,269. The latest figures show a total of 9,452 posts in the United States. There are 1,027 women's auxiliary units. A women's auxiliary unit for every post is the avowed aim of National Headquarters.

IMPROVING *the* INFANTRY

SO many good suggestions have been received by this magazine in response to the request of Colonel C. S. Farnsworth, president of the Infantry Board, U.S.A., for ideas "looking to the improvement of the infantry service" that answers will be printed under a separate department as long as sufficient interest in the question is maintained. THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY will publish as many constructive suggestions in line with Colonel Farnsworth's suggestion as space will permit.

The Count in Parade Rest

To the Editor: In the revised drill regulations for infantry being prepared by Colonel Farnsworth, I would suggest that there be a set method in the manual of arms for parade rest. Many a doughboy has gone wrong on this question, for in the "School of the Sol-

dier" it is taught as a rest, while in the manual it is taught to be executed in two counts. It was always left to the judges in a competitive drill as to whether it was or was not executed in that way.

I also agree with William C. Royce on the method of five-nine or seven-eleven for squads right or squads right about. Let us have a set method in the I.D.R.

WALTER R. SCHULT

Harwick, Ia.

Prussian Methods

To the Editor: Mr. L. R. Carroll, of Roundup, Mont., in your June 25th issue has undoubtedly expressed the opinions of at least ninety percent of all enlisted men.

The Anglo-German disciplinary system used in the United States Army, and devised to meet the temperament,

education and intelligence of the professional European soldiery of several hundred years ago, was very satisfactory to the people of that time. But with all the progress made by the human race since that time, the military disciplinary system has remained practically unchanged, even in our own Army.

To secure for the army the approbation and cooperation of hundreds of thousands of ex-soldiers who have now for it nothing but the bitterest condemnation, let us hope that Colonel Farnsworth will lead the way in devising, applying and testing, open-mindedly and without prejudice, a disciplinary system that is adaptable to American standards of self-respect and intelligence. Untiring effort through repeated tests to this end would be certain gradually to restore the spirit of patriotism and the potential military

strength of the country, which have apparently been shot to pieces by the tales of "caste system" brought home by ex-service men (enlisted, of course.)

The achievements of our overseas divisions were secured in spite of this handicap, not through it.

RICHARD J. AHRENS,
Former Private, Sixth Marines,
Second Division

Chicago, Ill.

Clearing House for Ideas

To the Editor: Permit me to submit the following suggestions for the improvement not only of the infantry, but of every branch of the service:

1. The organization of an "Investigation Department" to receive, consider, and pass judgment upon inventions or suggestions pertaining to the service. I am sure that there are many soldiers and civilians who have ideas, but who withhold them because of the red tape and delay entailed in having them properly looked into.

2. A progressive course of instructive service for the recruit, of sufficient duration to enable him to undergo thorough training in the various branches of the service before being regularly assigned to any particular branch; for instance, four months' Infantry, two months' Cavalry, two months' Artillery, and so on. In this way the soldier is trained in the main branches, and his versatility developed so that he could, after completing the course, serve efficiently in any branch. The understanding and co-operation would be developed to gain the maximum efficiency for the Army as a whole, and for each distinct branch, not to mention the self-reliance thus trained into the individual men themselves.

3. Thorough instruction for such special duties as cooks and clerks, to insure the proper execution of such duties.

These suggestions are based upon observations made while in the service, and a comparison between the methods used by the Army and by modern business, which, I feel, could largely contribute to the improvement and welfare of our fighting forces.

DEWITT V. B. THOMAS

Morristown, N. J.

Backbone of the Service

To the Editor: The soldiers and the public should be taught that the Infantry is the backbone and the active force of all the forces in the Army, and that the Artillery, Cavalry and Aviation are assistants to help carry out the objective of the Infantry. The Ordnance and the Engineers will become adjuncts of the Infantry forces.

If we agree to the above proposition a perfect co-ordination of all the above assistants with the Infantry is absolutely required. How is this to be done? My suggestion is that every graduate of the military academy or equally qualified officer should spend one year in each branch of the service and at the end of such service spend at least two years in the Infantry for the purpose of applying his experience.

With regard to the rank and file, I would suggest that those who show fitness and capacity should be promoted to positions in batteries, and thence to the aviation corps, until at the end of his four years' service the soldier is ready to go up for examination for a captain's commission in the Infantry.

In this way a system could be built up such that a captain of Infantry would be fully informed of all points necessary for his own conduct and also understand the factors required by those who are assisting him in his objective.

Warfare at present requires perfect liaison with all branches, even to the kitchen, and it is rather a commentary upon our boasted efficiency in industry that so far we have not been able to apply it to what should be the pride of everyone, Our Army.

Butler, Pa.

ORDNANCE

Soldiers or Laborers?

To the Editor: I would suggest that special effort be made to stop the use of enlisted personnel as "artisans" in and around camps and posts.

It only too frequently occurs that the enlisted men, when doing plumbing, painting, carpenter work, etc., around a post, are assigned to do this work as a detail and hence are not given any extra duty pay. Here in the Canal Zone the Army operates a rock quarry, is building a road, and doing work of this sort with enlisted men. This causes friction between the Army and

the civilian population, as the soldiers have to do this work for a fifty cents a day rate against the higher pay for civilian labor, angering the soldiers and causing them to lose interest in the Army. Likewise it causes the civilians to feel that the Army is unfair, and so they are opposed to needed appropriations being made for the Army.

Soldiers ought to be soldiers, not laborers, and the attempt to make soldiers do work that should be done by trained mechanics is, in the end, very costly, due to waste of effort, waste of materials, etc. All of this friction between officers and men over details and the Army against civilians is surely doing the Army advocates no good.

Also, why do so many officers feel that they are remiss in their duties if their men get a little "bunk fatigue"? Imagine great big soldiers pottering around, gardening along "officers' row!" And why is all of this special work done along "officers' row"?

Treat the enlisted men as if they were men and not a lot of doddering servants for the officers and their wives, and the Army will be able to get men.

F. B. MAXWELL

Ancon, Canal Zone.

NINE MASCOTS IN—WHO SAYS TEN?

ADOPTED THIS WEEK

Star Post No. 127, Jamesburg, N. J.....	1
Member Milton Post, Milton, Mass.....	1
Previously adopted	7
Total	9

TWO more French War Orphans have been taken under the Legion's wing by contributions of \$75 each from a post and from an individual member who asked that his name be withheld.

The anonymous donor, in his letter transmitting a check which will care

for one of the fatherless waifs for a year under the Legion plan, says he "would be glad to have the privilege of being an adopted father another year if necessary."

The New Jersey Post forwarded its contribution to the Legion's National Treasurer, Robert H. Tyndall, through Thomas Goldingay, State Adjutant, and expressed no preference as to the sex or age of its prospective protegee.

Advices from France are that 3,000 children, the keenest sufferers in the after the war distresses of the country, are threatened with actual want. Many were once the wards of A. E. F. outfits. The Legion is continuing the War Orphan Fund started overseas more than two years ago when the men of the A. E. F. contributed in excess of two million francs through *The Stars and Stripes* fund.

Posts of the Legion, or individual members or friends, may adopt a French war orphan for at least one year, contributing seventy-five dollars for the first year's support. The mascots assigned will be either orphans or the children of permanently disabled French veterans.

The money should be sent to the French Orphan Fund, National Treasurer, American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. It will then be turned over to the American Red Cross, which will assign the children and supervise the expenditure of the money.

A specific child will be assigned to each adopting post or individual and a photograph of each mascot will be forwarded to the adopter, who thereafter may keep in touch with the ward either direct or through the Red Cross.

All of the money contributed will go to the child. The Red Cross bears all expenses of administration.

The Red Cross organization which administered the overseas fund after the American Army came home has never been discontinued. It, therefore, has the advantage of long experience in helping posts select mascots.

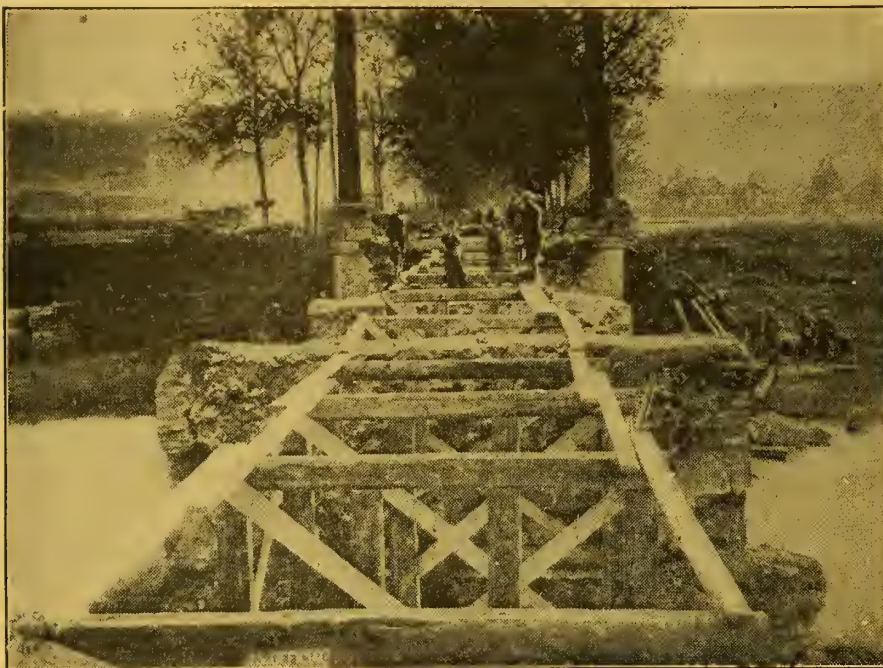


Louis Jean Alphand, former ward of a member of Headquarters Detachment, Company F, 166th Infantry

THE LEGION LIBRARY

Through the medium of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, the

American Legion expects to assemble a complete library covering the field of American activity in the great war. It is intended ultimately to assemble this library in a room of its own, preferably at National Headquarters. Books received in the office of this magazine for inclusion in the library are listed on receipt, and thereafter in most cases noticed in brief reviews.



303d Engineers, Seventy-eighth Division, repairing bridge across the Aire at Grand-Pre under fire

From "Historical Report of the Chief Engineer, A. E. F."

Books Received

HISTORICAL REPORT OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES. 1917-19. Government Printing Office, Washington.

WITH THE "DIE-HARDS" IN SIBERIA. By Colonel John Ward, C. B., C. M. G., M. P. George H. Doran Company, New York.

FROM DONIPHAN TO VERDUN. The Official History of the 140th Infantry (Thirty-fifth Division). By Evan Alexander Edwards, Regimental Chaplain and Official Historian. The World Company, Lawrence, Kans.

GERMANY AFTER THE ARMISTICE. By Maurice Berger, Lieutenant in the Army of Belgium. Translated, with an introduction, by William L. McPherson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

HISTORY OF THE FIFTY-FIFTH FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE. (Thirtieth Division.) William J. Bacon, Editor, Memphis, Tenn.

The Engineer in France

"THE Historical Report of the Chief Engineer, A. E. F." is more than an official report. It is an engrossing drama, with plenty of action and with two leading parts. Whether these two parts represent hero and heroine or a double allotment of villains is for the reader himself to determine. For their names are Pick and Shovel.

The colored stevedore who remarked that not the Engineers, but the M. P.'s, "oughta wear dat penitensh-ry on deir collars" was logical as well as witty. The doughboy fights with a rifle, and crossed rifles are the doughboy's neck-piece. Engineers and rifles are no strangers to each other, but the pick and shovel are the honorable sign of the engineers' service—why should they not be matched against the bronze U S on his blouse for all the world to see? The castle has only tradition behind it. Certainly no Engineer outfit in the A. E. F. ever built anything like it. So far as appropriateness goes, the

Motor Transport Corps might better have adopted it and told puzzled mesdemoiselles that it represented a garage.

Anyway the whole insignia question may be out of order, for the men who wore the castle in France are probably now more concerned with another sort of collar ornament, varying from red to violet in hue. There were quite a number of castle-wearers, too, the report shows. Engineers, in fact, made up nearly one-tenth of the whole A. E. F. Half of their 174,000 total was with the American Armies in the field, and that total, by the way, does not include 34,000 civilians and 15,000 prisoners of war to whom "Chief Engineer, A. E. F." spelled whatever is French and German for Big Boss.

The overseas accomplishments of the American engineer compress neatly into statistics. Here are a few figures that sound easy if read quickly:

Total engineer tonnage received from all sources, 3,000,000 plus.

Total cost of Engineer supplies, \$450,000,000.

Docks constructed, 6,360 linear feet.

Standard gauge railroad built, 967 miles.

Total covered storage space in depots, 15,529,000 square feet, not including 3,028,000 feet of dock storage and 3,858,000 feet of miscellaneous storage.

Space for 280,000 hospital beds provided.

Barracks erected, 16,000.

Lumber production, 218,211,000 feet board measure, not including ties, piling, fuel wood, etc.

Light railways, tonnage handled, 860,652; under American control at Armistice, 2240 kilometers.

And road building—those long, straight, sodden, much-hiked-over roads of France that the poet has told about—after the last dud of the war had failed to explode, more than 100,000 Yankee engineers spent their week-ends and their week-beginnings and their

week-middles putting them in shape before the transport whistles blew the signal to *partee*.

The record of engineer service at the front in the "Historical Report" is necessarily condensed into facts to the utter exclusion of heroics. But even in such a statistical paragraph as this, concerned with preparations for the jump-off on the right of the Meuse-Argonne line, the reader can get a thrill between the lines:

"Having made a thorough reconnaissance of Forges Creek and swamp, which separated the enemy front lines from those of the 33rd Division, and chosen several bridge sites, the 108th Engineers of that division, on the night of September 25-26, carried the necessary material forward. With Infantry covering parties, details from the regiment advanced on the early morning of September 26, constructed six foot-bridges on fascines and planks through the swamp and nine over the creek. One of the bridges, with a width of five feet and a span of twenty-six feet, supported by four bents in five feet of water, was erected in eight minutes by twenty-five men. Two other bridges, a 25-foot span and two bents were also completed in the same time. The Infantry began to pass over a fourth bridge before the sway bracing had been fixed, and several of the Engineers were compelled to stand in the water and brace the structure until it could be completed. The foregoing work was accomplished under very heavy enemy artillery fire and machine-gun fire, and at the same time was subjected to shorts of the American Artillery."

And did the engineers then retire to a cinder-floored but snug Adrian barracks (put up by other engineers) or depart in good order for the delights of a seven days' leave at Aix-les-Bains? Not so:

"The regiment then built for the division transport a great deal of plank and stone-fill road through the swamps passed over by the advance."

Who says a crossed pick and shovel is not worthy to be the engineer's insignia?

Free Speech

THINGS can be said in an outfit history that it would not have been politic to set down in cold type when the sight of shoulder ornaments meant "—shon!" followed by clicking heels. This excerpt from the St. Nazaire chapter of "The Record of S. S. U. 585," for instance, could scarcely have been published on the section bulletin board:

"During these various jaunts Lieutenant Wharton, with commendable originality, taught us several military paces previously unknown to the drill manual, such as 'To the rear—Halt!' 'Left side-step—March!' or 'Cadence.' At this last command we were to substitute a thunderous elephantine plod for our ordinary lightsome trip, the better to let the countryside know we were coming. Another favorite exercise of our esteemed commander, who by this time had acquired the dainty appellation of 'Myrtle,' was to conduct drill in the midst of sleet-storms which drove even the Marines, who are supposed to be amphibious, to the shelter of their barracks."

This department is placed at the disposal of ex-service men and their relatives for the renewal of friendships formed in the war, and in obtaining information about overseas casualties.

ROLL CALL

Inquiries should be addressed ROLL CALL, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Photographs cannot be printed. Replies should be addressed direct to the person who asks for information.



BISSNETTE, JEROME, write E. Kratz, Waukegon, Ill.

BOYNTON, HAROLD, S. S. U. 593, or his relatives can get "Honneur Patrie" from Warren D. Vernam, Box 663, Trenton, N. J.

BOZARTH, BOB, U. S. N., formerly of the Roanoke, write A. V. McKay, 519 Stevenson ave., Pasadena, Calif.

CLANCY, FRANK J., write E. Welch, Route 3, Alfred, Me.

COCHRAN, JAMES, Sgt., Co. F, 7th Eng., last heard from at Lux. Address wanted by Adjutant, American Legion, Sidney, Nebr.

COMFORT, SCOTT M., Co. D, 16th Inf., wounded and taken prisoner July 18-22, 1918. Information wanted by George B. Dalrymple, Amherst, Mass.

CUNNING, TOM, 18th Ry. Eng., write H. E. Webb, Box 128, Santa, Idaho.

CYRIER, LEON, last heard from at Sparta, Wis., April 13, 1919. Address wanted by Emery Cyrier, Reedley, Calif.

EDDY, N. J., formerly 103d F. S. B., write F. M. DeLancey, Newport, Pa.

EDMUND, G. E., Capt., last seen on leave in Scotland, June, 1919. Lona Grater, 1005 Avenue F, Dodge City, Kans., formerly A. N. C., has property for him.

EULER, ALBERT W., Co. B, 45th Eng., last heard from at Camp Monitor, St. Nazaire. News of him wanted by his brother, George H. Euler, 10th Recruit Co., Columbus Barracks, Columbus, O.

FREEMAN, LESLIE W., discharged at Camp Dodge, Dec. 15, 1918, write Marion Davis, Box 240, Mason City, Ia.

FRISBIE, WILLIAM E., 1st Lt., discharged at Norfolk, Va., Oct. 13, 1919. Address wanted by M. J. C., 1010 Cherry st., Springfield, Mo.

HAD, WILLIAM J., last heard from at 111 N. Franklin st., Baltimore, Md., write F. Boone, Caldwell, Idaho.

HAMRICK, FARMER H., Webster Springs, W. Va., wants to hear from buddies of Co. L, 363d Inf.

HANSSEN, WILLIAM H., formerly cpl., camp infirmery, Camp Monitor, write Paul H. Waldow, Gen. Del., New Brunswick, N. J.

HARRINGTON, WHITMAN, formerly M. T. C., Paris, write Mrs. Katharine Paul, 70 Fifth ave., New York City.

HELLER, WINNIE, can get silver wrist tag engraved "From Winnie to Frank, etc." by describing it in letter to James P. Kelleher, Lane st., Jessup, Pa.

HENSON, HAROLD H., 2d Lt.—Address wanted by Russell G. Dunlop, Route 6, Cadiz, O.

HOGAN, O. L., Bty A, 53d R. A. R.—Address wanted by F. M. Barnett, Box 265, Harlan, Ky.

HOWELL, ROBERT G., formerly at Camp Sevier, S. C., write Ira A. Patrick, Wayne, Nebr.

JAMES, JESSE, formerly of Co. D, 34th Eng., home, McPherson, Kans. Address wanted by L. Rogers, 405 E Oak st., Louisville, Ky.

JEUDE, JOHN M., formerly cook, Co. C, 10th Amm. Tr., write to L. E. Weinrich, Alva, Okla.

JOHNSTON, CHESTER A., formerly 29th Eng., Camp Grant, Ill.—Information wanted by F. B. Lippitt, 322 9th st., S., Moorhead, Minn.

LEWIS, formerly cook in 39th Inf., M. G. Co., write George W. Minges, 220 Golden Gate ave., San Francisco, Calif.

LEWIS, JACKSON B., formerly of B. H. No. 8, old home address 54 Grant ave., Roselle Park, N. J., write John J. Condon, 98 Church st., Bristol, R. I.

MCCOLLUM, RALPH K., Co. 1, 26th Inf., can get property he stored in France from Louis Zapf, Finley Hospital, Dubuque, Iowa.

MCNEAL, JOE, 139th Inf. Supply Co., write W. W. Wheeler, Oskaloosa, Kans.

MARVERS, ROBERT C., JR.—News of this man wanted by Mrs. Edythe R. Marvers, Box 156, Route 2, Galena, Kans.

MAY, CHARLES F., 39th Inf., M. G. Co., write George W. Minges, 220 Golden Gate ave., San Francisco, Calif.

MAYMIRE, EUGENE, write Rossie Oviatt, Box 68, West Mystic, Conn.

MILLER, GEORGE E., last heard from at 124 S. Q. D., S. P. Dv., Lake Joyce, Wash., write to Frank S. Phillips, Box 75, R. F. D., Ingo-mar, Calif.

MILLER, OTTO E., Hq. S. O. S., write C. E. Crim, Box 43 Clarkburg, W. Va.

MINICK, DON C., Capt., 19th Eng., and 19th T. C. Address wanted by John Nicholas, 225 Howell st., Rocky Mount, N. C.

U. S. S. New Hampshire—Men of the Marine guard aboard this ship from September, 1917, to March, 1918, write to Arthur Bloomer, 1442 Broadway, Bremerton Wash.

SERVICE

To the Editor: In your Fourth of July WEEKLY appeared the name of Sergeant F. J. Parker among the names of missing men having disappeared from the Baltimore Hotel, Kansas City, May 21. Mr. F. J. Parker arrived in Santa Ana last night. I got hold of him this morning and identified him through the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY and the discharge papers which I found on his person. He is now absolutely rational, but remembers nothing of the past. His record shows that he has served in the Spanish-American war and in China as well as in three of the principal battles in France. His wounds agree with those on his discharge. I have wired his wife at Yuma, Col., for instructions. In the meantime, I have placed him in the Santa Ana Hospital where the Legion will take care of his every want. His discharge shows that at the time of his discharge his health was poor, and so it seems. However, thanks to the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, we hope to have him with his relatives as soon as we can hear from them.

W. L. TUBBS.

Santa Ana, Cal.

NICKELL, HARRY, Co. A, 356th Inf., write to Louis A. Fuchs, Box 501, Exeter, Calif.

PAUL, LT., Co. H, 23d Inf., write Martin Finerty, 1710 E 21st st., Cleveland, O.

POWELL, JOHN T., Co. C, 39th Eng., home address, St. Louis, Mo., write D. Jensen, Box 242, Port Jefferson, L. I., N. Y.

RICE, JOSEPH, G. H. Q. band, Chaumont, write Mrs. Katharine Paul, 70 Fifth ave., New York City.

ROUNSAVELL, RICHARD R., 37th or 39th Div., write E. F. Horner, Kline's, 606 Washington st., St. Louis, Mo.

SCOTT, FRANK, 18th Ry. Eng., write to H. E. Webb, Box 128, Santa, Idaho.

STEINBERG, BENJ., Great Lakes Tr. Sta. Band. Whereabouts sought by F. M. Fanning, Box 93, Cleveland, O.

SWARTZ, LEON D., dental assistant to Maj. Surgs. Address wanted by Ralph M. Knight, Bellows Falls, Vt.

THOMPSON, GUY G., air service. Address wanted by L. D. Guymie, 1505 S. Baltimore ave., Tulsa, Okla.

WEIRICH, FRANK O., Chief Surgeon's Office, A. E. F., write to H. L. Lynch, 2437 Clyde Park ave., Route 8, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WITTEK, EDWARD W., Lt., 3d Co., Ft. Leavenworth, Sept. Aut. Repl. Drft. Address wanted by C. M. Piper, care County Treasurer, Boone, Iowa.

IN THE CASUALTY LIST



DETHMAN, LEONARD, was drowned at the sinking of the *Tuscania*. Officials of the Post named in his memory would like to get in touch with some comrade of his that survived. Address Adjutant, Leonard Dethman Post, American Legion, Wolf Point, Mont.

LAPLAND—Patrick J. McKitterick died when this vessel was sunk. He formerly lived in South St. Paul, Minn. Buddies are asked to write to the War Risk Officer, American Legion, 6 State House, Boston, Mass.

RED CROSS HOSPITAL No. 2—Pvt. Raymond W. Smith, 20th Co., 5th Marines, died in this hospital on June 14, 1918. His mother has received no other word. She wants to hear from the physician, nurse and chaplain who attended him. Write to Mrs. Minnie Hoffman, Barclay st., Canajoharie, N. Y.

2d AM. TRAIN, Co. F—Pvt. Tedde Roth reported killed on Oct. 8, 1918, and missing in

action on Oct. 9. Seen on the rear end of an ambulance, apparently wounded, on Oct. 7. Red Cross reported him in a field hospital on Oct. 7 and later in a base hospital, number unknown. Mother, Mrs. Fred Roth, Route I, Box 18, Ellisville, Ill.

2d FIELD SIG. BN. Co. C—Pvt. Adolph R. Loden, was wounded in the Argonne on Oct. 1, 1918 and died Oct. 4. Further particulars about his death are sought by his sister, Mildred Loden, 1607 9th ave. S., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

2d FIELD BN., SIGNAL CORPS, Co. C—Pvt. Benn Nudd reported killed in action on May 21, 1917. Parents received conflicting accounts regarding his death. H. C. Cutler, Soldiers and Sailors Club, Seattle, Wash.

4TH INF., Co. E.—Arthur French killed while with this outfit. Edward Weisgerber, 68 Grand ave., Akron, O.



4TH INF., Co. H.—Sgt. H. R. Crandall was killed in action on Oct. 22, 1918. His sister wants to learn the details of his death. Address Miss M. Crandall, Wait Farm, Auburn, N. Y.

7TH INF., Co. C—Pvt. Merritt Personous killed at the Marne on July 26, 1918. Brother, E. Personous, 613 Broadway, Kingston, N. Y.

9TH INF., Hq. Co.—Pvt. Garnet W. Brown reported killed by an explosion on or about May 2, 1918. H. L. Brown, 932 Albany st., Schenectady, N. Y.

11TH M. G. BN. Co. B—Harry E. Murphy reported killed in action in the Argonne on Sept. 28, 1918. Miss G. F. McDonald, 7 Lewis st., Everett, Mass.

16TH INF., Co. F—Pvt. Edward A. Thompson missing in action on Oct. 4, 1919. Mother, Mrs. Ed Thompson, Hayti, S. D.

26TH INF., Co. A—Thomas M. Kellogg killed in action on Oct. 5, 1918. Earl P. Strickler, Route I, Caledonia, O.

28TH INF., Co. I—Pvt. George Bachman reported killed in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Mother, Mrs. Bertha Bachman, 55 Chatfield st., Derby, Conn.

28TH INF., Co. I—William H. Hosford missing in the battle of Soissons between July 19 and 24, 1918. Sister, Miss Ada Hosford, 1115 8th st., Menomonee, Wis.

58TH INF., Co. B—Pvt. Melvin W. Daskam, dispatch runner, reported killed in action, date undetermined. Mother, Mrs. William W. Daskam, Redwood Falls, Minn.

60TH INF., Co. K—Sgt. Jacob C. Stockberger died of wounds on Aug. 7, 1918. Father, Jacob Stockberger, 728 New st., Allentown, Pa.

75TH CO., 6TH MARINES—Pvt. Ernest Kudell reported wounded in action on Oct. 9, 1918. Later message said he died of wounds on Oct. 12. Mother, Mrs. John Konz, Tenth and Park aves., Newport, Ky.

101ST INF., Co. I—Wilfred B. Johnson killed. Buddies are requested to write to the War Risk Officer, American Legion, 6 State House, Boston, Mass.

108TH INF., Co. F—Pvt. Cecil J. Greene believed to be suffering mental disorders. Mother, Mrs. Mary A. Greene, 716 Church st., Medina, N. Y.

112TH INF.—Pvt. Ora Call missing in action in September, 1918. Later dispatch said he was killed. Mother, Mrs. William Call, Box 55, Duyer, Wyo.

113TH ENG.—Sgt. William R. Gibbs, home address, Chicago, Ill., left New York for overseas with this outfit. Present address is sought by the Service Department, American Legion National Headquarters, Indianapolis, Ind.

126TH INF., Co. A—Pvt. Stewart Comer reported wounded on Oct. 5, 1918. Later message said he had died, date and cause undetermined. Sister, Miss Mary Comer, Box 162, Shenandoah, Va.

128TH INF., Co. C—Pvt. J. A. Varnecky killed in action on Aug. 1, 1918. Mother, Mrs. Mary Varnecky, 297 Harrold ave., Johnstown, Pa.

148TH INF., Co. F—Cpl. Benjamin H. Stormont wounded at Ivory on Sept. 30, 1918 and died at Second Base Hospital on Oct. 8. Mother, Mrs. A. J. Stormont, Gallipolis, O.

158TH INF., Co. A—Cpl. K. K. Kelly, killed in the Argonne. Brother, L. M. Kelly, Box 487, Ballard Station, Seattle, Wash.

167TH INF., Co. H—E. H. Osborn killed in action on July 28, 1918. Adjutant, Bernard Hurst Post, American Legion, Brookville, Ind.



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THE NEW LEGISLATIVE CHAIRMAN

FORMER doughboys are battling heavy in the legislative work of The American Legion at Washington: John T. Taylor, the newly appointed chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, started his Army career by enlisting as a private of Infantry in May, 1917. Thomas



John T. Taylor, the new chief of the Legion's legislative committee at Washington

W. Miller, the predecessor of Mr. Taylor, was also a private at the beginning of his service.

Mr. Taylor, who was thirty-two years old when he enlisted, walked post, swung a rifle, and did all the rest of the camp stuff until August, 1917, when he entered the Officers' Training Camp, from which he was graduated in November with the rank of first lieutenant. During seventeen months' service overseas he was in on the fight at Chateau Thierry, and took part in the engagements on the Vesle River and in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. His outfit was the first to cross the Rhine and to establish the preliminary outposts of the Army of Occupation.

Upon his return from the Rhineland in August, 1919, Mr. Taylor immediately took up his work in Washington as attorney and member of the Legion's legislative committee. He served continuously on the committee during the hard work of presenting to Congress the merits of the legislative proposals which were made laws. He represented the Legion at hearings of the Department of Justice, the Department of Labor, the Department of State, the War Department and the Civil Service Commission.

Mr. Taylor was born in Philadelphia in 1885, attended a Philadelphia high school and Temple University, and obtained his law degree from the University of Pennsylvania. He was active in athletics at both universities. Before the war Mr. Taylor had practiced law in Washington seven years, devoting his time to legislative work and departmental cases.

WHERE ARE THE HEROES?

(Continued from page 4)

you ask him what he thinks of prohibition. He says it seemed funny for him to come back home from France and find his old friends talking about a drink in the same tone they might use to talk about smuggled jewelry.

Thus has peace reclaimed the hero of Medeah Farm. The clang of trolley cars, the roar of the street traffic, sounds to his office in the Labor Temple, but it is for him as restful a solitude as the pine forests of the Adirondacks. A hundred days in the line with the Second Division gave him all the glory he wants—he is fed up on thrills.

IF you want another insight into the mind of the submerged mighty men of yesterday, skip across the country to Ann Arbor, Mich., and find Harold A. Furlong in one of the classrooms of the University of Michigan. If you should happen to arrive in Michigan in the college vacation season, you might have to hunt for him on one of those numerous little river or lake islands near Detroit, where everybody up that way goes fishing. His home is in Detroit. But, wherever you find him, he will tell you how it feels to come back from the red-hot days of the Seventy-ninth Division's drives to the halls of a Middle Western University.

To understand how he feels, however, you ought to know what he did to win his Medal of Honor. A General Order recites that in the Bois de Bantheville, on November 1, 1918, Lieutenant Furlong's company of the 353d Infantry

was held up by severe machine-gun fire from the front, whereupon Lieutenant Furlong moved out in advance of the line, and crossing an open space under intense fire, got in the rear of the German positions. He closed in on the German guns, one at a time, killing a number of the gunners with his rifle, putting four machine-gun nests out of action, and driving twenty German prisoners into the American lines.

And now he will tell you that the Army was like a rest cure in comparison to the busy, everyday life he found when he got back to Detroit. But he probably will qualify the statement, and say that he is thinking of the days when he was marking time with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine after the Seventy-ninth had finished its hard work.

Moreover, work was monotonous four months after he was discharged. And it was even more monotonous sitting around home and visiting friends and relatives and having to tell over and over again just how it had happened.

The war had given him many new ideas. For one thing, it had converted came home from France with this culture he had been taking in the university when he enlisted. Getting back into school at the midyear, he took up a preliminary course in medicine, and this autumn he will be enrolled in the Medical College of the University of Michigan.

He says that any other war will have to hurry to catch him, and that the

chances are that he'll be handing out C. C.'s to his own side instead of bullets to the enemy. At present, at any rate, the only kind of offensives he is taking part in are classroom ones. The profs. have been surrendering good grades so far. Furlong is going back to France some day to acquire the finishing touches to his medical education.

WITH a hop at Newark, and a skip at Ann Arbor, you may jump to San Francisco and find a third Medal of Honor man. You would go looking for Philip C. Katz, formerly of the 363d Infantry, Ninety-first Division. You might get some idea of the kind of man Katz is by reading the citation that accompanied the Medal of Honor he got for doing more than his duty near Eclisfontaine on September 26, 1918. The citation says, in part:

"After his company had withdrawn for a distance of two hundred yards on a line with the units on its flanks, Sergeant Katz learned that one of his comrades had been left wounded in an exposed position at the point from which the withdrawal had taken place. Voluntarily crossing an area swept by heavy machine-gun fire, he advanced to where the wounded soldier lay and carried him to a place of safety."

You would find Katz at his desk in the office of a navigation and coal company. He is a bookkeeper. When he came back from France he took a vacation of one month, and then got a place with a concern which was not the one where he worked before he enlisted. He tells the same kind of a story as practically all ex-soldiers tell of the shift from doing things under order and having everything mapped out for you, to the liberty of civilian work.

"I found it hard at first to be confined in an office," he says. "I was restless, and for a month or two found it tough sitting still at a desk. The greatest change was getting back into bed sheets at night and eating three square home-cooked meals a day. You can write a big capital letter 'NO!' as my answer to the question, 'Am I ever going back to France?'"

Then he will tell you that he is in the shipping business, and that some day he is going to get into the foreign trade. He would like a chance to retaliate on some of the contractors who supplied the stuff which the men overseas had to eat. But he smiles when he tells you that, and you think that the worst vengeance he would exact would be to make a gold-fish magnate eat a pint of Columbia River caviar *a la naturelle*.

As with the Medal of Honor men in Newark, Ann Arbor and San Francisco, so with most of the other Medal of Honor men in the country. Living quietly, working hard, getting their share of the joys of life and undergoing some of its trials, they are indistinguishable from the rest of us. But for old time's sake we like to hunt them out at this time, two years after the ending of the war, just to find out what they are doing.

[This is the first of a series of articles telling what has become of some of the fifty-four living men who won the Congressional Medal of Honor for surpassing courage during the A. E. F.'s battles.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

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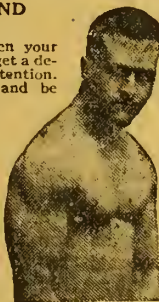
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CHANGES OF ADDRESS: The old as well as the new address must be given with request for change. Legion members should give name and number of post to which they belong. At least two weeks is necessary for a change of address to become effective.

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Address all correspondence to 627 West 43rd st., New York City.

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THE SAME OLD THING

(Continued from page 4)

heated Ford full of muriatic acid and dynamite, and the chauffeur and passengers were sprayed all over the scenery.

The Democratic convention expressed its admiration for President Wilson's past deeds, ideas and ideals and then proceeded to make sure that President Wilson's methods and influence should no longer prevail. They indorsed his platform, thanked him for all past favors, and showed him the door. There can be no other interpretation of the convention's action.

Up until the time balloting started the administration forces were in absolute control. The administration platform went through with a bang and all who spoke in opposition to it spoke in opposition to the convention's unmistakable will.

But when the balloting began the anti-administration powers assumed control and held it until Cox was nominated.

It looked like anybody's fight right up until the finish. But again the dominating group. They were set from the start to beat McAdoo and Palmer. They had the votes to do it and they were capable of holding the votes they had.

It was no sure thing, however, that they had the votes to put Cox across. The issue was in doubt up until the last half hour. On that last hectic night of balloting, when everyone was hoarse and hysterical, there was not a political expert on the floor who thought that Cox could be nominated at that session. The majority of the keenest of them thought that he could never be put across.

Less than an hour before he was nominated by acclamation an astute political observer who had been sweating around on the floor for three hours in search of the low-down on the situation said to me: "They can't nominate Cox. There are enough women delegates out there who are opposed to him on account of his stand on prohibition to stop him from now till snow flies."

Snow never flies in San Francisco, but shortly thereafter Cox was nominated. Maybe the women who were opposed to him got worried about their houses or their babies or their husbands or something and decided that the quickest way to get home was to nominate him and get it out of the way. Maybe all the opposition got so tired of voting for someone else that they quit out of sheer weariness. Whatever happened, Cox suddenly went across with a loud noise, the band played, the States paraded, some of the delegates cried, everybody cheered hysterically and another potential President of the United States was selected. Hooray!

Cox was put across by a group. He was put across in a hysteria of enthusiasm that lasted for days. He was selected after a series of delirious demonstrations, the insane noise of which has no doubt permanently injured the eardrums of everyone who was present. He was chosen after a protracted madness of cheering and howling that made a college football crowd at its big game rooting seem like a gathering of mutes on its good behavior. If the presidents of banks were selected in such a manner the only depositors would be the kind of people who buy gold-from-sea-water stock. A sane landlord wouldn't hire a

janitor recommended to him by an assemblage that passed the resolution of recommendation in the hip-hooray, hulabaloo way Cox was nominated.

If elected Cox may prove to be an excellent President. Harding may prove the same. Each, however, was nominated by old line, supposedly discredited bosses of their respective parties. There was nothing new at either convention. There was no improvement over the old pre-war ways of doing things. The Republican convention was all boss. The Democratic convention was a mixture of bossism and mob hysteria.

Is that a way to do national business?

I think not. I think American politics can somehow be shorn of its ancient barnacles and made fit to sail successfully in modern waters. I think American major political parties can be snared out of Yesterday and yanked up into Today. But they won't escape from Yesterday and break into Today of their own volition. Not so. Either the people in the parties have got to bring party methods up-to-date or some situation will.

It took a great war to modernize the American Army. Let us hope that intelligence—and perhaps a sense of humor—will do the trick for American politics.



TO BE GOOD IS TO BE LONESOME, BUT —

TO be good and lonesome because a Legionnaire doesn't receive the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY regularly is unnecessary. If he has paid his 1920 dues he should be getting the magazine. If he isn't it is because his name, address and national dues have not been received by this magazine.

Every member of the American Legion becomes a subscriber to the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY upon payment of his national dues. Names of subscribers and remittances should be sent by Posts to department headquarters and then forwarded to this magazine through National Headquarters. They are added to the mailing list immediately upon receipt by the circulation department.

With the exception of those for whom an incorrect address has been received, all names forwarded are now on the mailing list. But many complaints of non-receipt arise from the fact that posts do not forward promptly the names of subscribers and remittances.

See that your buddy gets his magazine. At the next post meeting ask your adjutant if the names of the entire membership of the post have been forwarded.

Your newsdealer should be handling the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Is he?

OUR DIRECTORY of ADVERTISERS

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad. in our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman from whom you buy their products.

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V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS
VV THE TWO STRIPERS ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of February 6, 1920. Readers are requested to promptly report any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch.)

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER,
627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City

Advertising and the Weekly

*We Want More Letters
From You*

Do you remember that last week we asked you all to write a letter—

Which we could show to Mr. F—— W—— and prove to him that he was wrong—in what he thought about our Weekly;

And told you that was the way you could do your bit to help your Weekly get more advertising?

Well!

We got a lot of letters,

But not half enough—

So come on, you that didn't write—come through this week.

Make it a regular avalanche.

Perhaps some of you didn't understand just what we wanted.

For those who didn't—and haven't written on that account—there's a coupon on this page that you can fill out and send in to us.

As simple as one of those—

I am well.

I am sick and in the hospital.

I received your letter, etc.

postals that you used to have "over there."

Only—again we say—

It's important—volume counts.

Snap into it—Now.

Last call—

TEAR OFF HERE

Address Mr. F—— W——,
c/o Advertising Manager,
627 West 43d Street,
New York City.

Name.....

Address.....

Post..... Occupation.....

Married—Yes.....No.....Do you read the Weekly?.....

What other magazines do you read?.....

What ones, if any, do you like better than the Weekly?.....

How many other people read your copy of the Weekly?.....

What things are you particularly interested in that you would like to see advertised in the Weekly?.....

Why.....

This series of articles began in the issue of January 2, 1920.

Even a second "looie" gets wise sometime



ONE OF my jobs.
WAS TO keep a watch.
FOR HOSTILE patrols.
AND GAS attacks.
AND LATE one night.
I STOOD by the door.
OF ONE of the dugouts.
AND THOUGHT I smelled gas.
I SNIFFED and listened.
AND HEARD groans.
SO PUT on my mask.
AND WENT down to make sure.
AND FOUND a doughboy.
TRYING TO smoke.
A FRENCH cigar.
AND I took it away.
AND GAVE him one.
OF MY own cigarettes.
AND THE very next night.
I HAD to go down.
INTO SEVENTEEN dugouts.
TO RESCUE doughboys

WHO WERE trying to smoke.
FRENCH CIGARS.
AND I may be a mark.
BUT THERE'S a limit.
ESPECIALLY WHEN.
YOU'VE ONLY one pack.
OF THE cigarettes.
THAT SATISFY.
I'M DARNED glad.
I DIDN'T command.
AN ARMY corps.



EVEN a cigar smoker takes to Chesterfields, because of their satisfying body. And yet they're mild, too. Their blend of best Turkish and Domestic can't be copied—and what a blend it is! No wonder Chesterfields "satisfy!"

They Satisfy Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.